McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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AN AWFUL DISASTER NEAR HARRISBURG.

Express Train on the Pennsylvania R. R. Blown Up.

IT RAN INTO DYNAMITE CARS.

It is Estimated that Fifty Persons Were Killed and 100 Injured—Fire Started in Wreckage Adding to Horror.

Harrisburg, May 11.—An express train of the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train in which there were two cars loaded with dynamite at 1:10 o'clock this morning in South Harrisburg, near the plant of the *Paxtang Heat* and Power Co.

Three terrific explosions that broke windows all over the city followed and the two trains were completely wrecked and took fire. It is estimated at 3 o'clock that 50 persons were killed and one hundred injured, though these figures may be too small.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of fatalities, because the wreckage is still a blazing and unapproachable mass, in which many passengers and members of the crew are pinned.

It was impossible to go within 300 yards of the fire, many small explosions occurring continuously.

When the first explosion occurred human bodies were thrown clear out of the berths in sleeping cars, many landing down the railroad embankment and some even having been hurled into the Susquehanna river.

All the physicians of the city procurable were summoned to work with the injured.

Ready to Play Ball.

The Smethport baseball team will be in readiness to play ball when the season opens for us at Kane Field, Smethport, on Saturday, May 20, and the management and players are prepared to defend the title of champions of the McKean League, earned last year.

A corps of men are at work putting the grounds, fences and grand stand in first class shape for the opening game. The field is being plowed, harrowed and rolled, which will fill up the small holes and make it better than ever before. The diamond is receiving careful attention and when this work is completed we expect to have the smoothest and fastest ground in this section.

Practically all of the players of last season have signified their intention of getting into the game again this season, beside a couple of old time favorites who did not participate last year are working out, as well as a few youngsters. Our registration will start out with such well known players as Croissant, Young, Denning, Fuller, Keefer, Daniels, Tull, McCabe, Knapp, Bell, Estry, Stull and McClure.

The new uniforms are here and are the best the market affords. They were purchased from the Warren, Ohio, team and are in as good condition as new, only being used the latter part of last season. The shirts and pants are gray, stockings, belts and caps black and the coats are a deep red with large pearl buttons. When our boys make their appearance on Saturday of next week they will make a fine showing.

Our first game will be with Shingle House, the new converts to the McKean League, and they are reported to have a strong team. The pennant will be spread to the breeze on this occasion and a large crowd should be in attendance to see the opening game.

Man Killed at Ludlow.

Conductor Helterline of train No. 80, east bound, reported the discovery of a man lying dead beside the tracks a few rods below the depot at Ludlow, at an early hour Sunday morning. The coroner was notified and John McKnall was instructed to go down to Ludlow and bring the remains to Smullin Bros' undertaking rooms. The only papers found on the man's person were a letter head of Parker & Black, paper dealers at Warren, and a number of slips bearing the name of the same firm, together with a small card having the name, Henry C. Johnson, written thereon. The man had fallen off a freight train; both legs were cut off and he was otherwise badly bruised. A man who had been traveling with the deceased said he was a paper-hanger by trade and that his home was in Titusville, but did not know his name.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Eddy of Titusville, were reached through the authorities of that place, and believing that the description given indicated that the unfortunate man was their son, they came to Kane by the eleven o'clock train this morning. Their worst fears were realized. The remains are those of their son, William F. Eddy, thirty-four years of age, a paper-hanger by trade and unmarried.—Kane Republican.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

The Eldred Eagle will appear this week, Aug. 22, 1878. It is published by our old friend Gould of the Cameron Press, which is a guarantee that it will be a newspaper in fact as well as in name.

The Eldred Express is the latest addition to the journals of McKean county. It seems to start out with a living patronage and is carefully edited. Mr. Howden, its publisher, has our best wishes for success.

Roberts.—At Annin, Pa., August 19, 1878, in the 87th year of his age, John J. Roberts, Sr.

P. Ford, Esq., did not attend the Democratic caucus Saturday evening, Aug. 17, 1878. If he had he would not have broken his arm. When returning from an evening call at Capt. Ernhout's he stumbled on the steps and falling with his entire weight on his left side sustained a fracture of the arm. He is able to be about with his arm in a sling, and has every appearance of a revolutionary soldier who has "seen service."

As we went to press last week a dispatch had just been received by Sheriff King that Tracy, the suspected murderer of Miss Reilly, had been captured at Portville. The sheriff started for that place with a deputy on the 2 p. m. train and returned with the prisoner on the 9 o'clock train, having persuaded him to come over the State line without a requisition. An angry and threatening crowd was at the depot on the arrival of the train, but by skillful management, for which the sheriff deserves great credit, the prisoner was smuggled from the train into a waiting carriage and was nearly to the jail before the infuriated crowd knew its prey had escaped. The party most anxious to get within the enclosure of the jail was Tracy.

The manner of the capture was purely accidental. He was seen and recognized at Portville by an agent of the Barnes, Bancroft & Co. of Buffalo, who had made his acquaintance in this place. Securing the aid of a constable he had him arrested and telegraphed to the sheriff. Had not this agent fortunately been in Portville at that time it is probable that Tracy would have yet been at large.

Below we give the evidence before the coroner's jury, from which a verdict was rendered that Mary Reilly came to her death at the hands of Andrew Tracy:

S. D. Freeman, M. D., testified: "I am a practicing physician. Reside in Smethport. Have known deceased, Mary Reilly, all her life. I was present at her decease. I was called from the court house to see her. I found her lying in front of the house of John Mullin, breathing slowly and heavily. Both increased until she ceased to breathe. It was about nine o'clock in the evening of Sept. 18, 1878. I could do nothing but ascertain the character of her wound. She was totally unconscious when I found her and continued so until she ceased to breathe. The wound was in the left temple, the ball passed backward and slightly upwards, breaking up the substance of the base of the brain. I introduced a probe into the track of the ball very readily. I found no other cause for death. She lived about 40 minutes from the time the shot was fired. I remained with her. Her death was caused by a gunshot wound, the ball passing into the base of the brain.

J. T. Reilly, M. D., testified: I reside in New York City. I came to Smethport on Monday, the 16th inst. I am a practicing physician. I was stopping at the residence of P. Ford yesterday evening. I saw the deceased yesterday evening. I was informed that Mary Reilly had been shot, and came to the place. I found her in the house of John Mullin, lying on the bed in an unconscious condition, breathing slowly and rapidly approaching dissolution. Dr. Freeman had made an examination. I have examined the wound. I concur in Dr. Freeman's statement,—the wound was sufficient to cause death. She died in the house in the presence of John Mullin, Isabelle Mullin, Lecelia Mullin, Cecelia Reilly, Dr. S. D. Freeman, Mary Tracy, Gen. Kane and some others. She died about 9:30 in the evening of Sept. 18, 1878.

Belle Mullin testified: I was at the residence of Mary Tracy in this place yesterday. I went there about 7 p. m. and left there about half past eight. We were in the store or sitting room all the time we were there. Mary Reilly (the deceased), Lecelia Reilly and Mary Tracy were there all the time. Frank McCabe and Andy Tracy came into the room several times. Mary Tracy was playing the piano and singing nearly all the evening. Her sister accompanied her. Andy Tracy appeared very reticent and moody. When I left there about half past eight Mary Reilly came with me. Mary Tracy's store is on Main street, about four squares from John Mullin's. We came along the south side of the street until we came to the store of Haskill & Gifford, where we crossed the street to the north side. When we came to the blacksmith shop we heard someone walking after us very fast. He kept walking close behind us until we came in front of our house. I was walking next to the street, Mary Reilly on my right side. I had her arm. My arm was in her arm. I heard a pistol shot. I was stunned slightly at the shot. It was close to my head. I think the pistol was at the side of my head. I fell down with the shock. As I was getting up I saw a man running across the street towards B. D. Hamlin's house. I noticed nothing peculiar except that he was running. I thought it was an accident until I saw him run, and then I knew it was not. He crossed Main street in front of Mr. Hamlin's house and then passed down Washington street toward Water street. I saw Mary Reilly lying on the walk unconscious. I thought she had fainted and tried to raise her up, got my hand on some blood. She did not speak and was perfectly unconscious. I called for help. My father came first; Mrs. Forrest was soon there. I think Dr. Freeman came in from 3 to 5 minutes. I saw the flash of a pistol at the same time I heard a report.

(To be continued.)

Will Travel in an Auto.

The Jamestown league baseball team will, before the season has progressed far, travel through the Interstate circuit in a large motor car, for which plans are being drawn.

The car will be constructed so as to accommodate comfortably twelve persons, will be equipped with cooking utensils and provided with dormitory apartments convertible into observation space during the day time. At night and during inclement weather, when stationery, the car will be roofed with a canvas covering, with canvas sidings.

The order will be placed in all probability with the Electric Vehicle Co., of Hartford, Conn., one of the largest factories in the world, and it is expected that the car will be ready for use by July 1st. It will cost about $5,000. The car will be named "The Lawrence" and "The Jamestown Baseball Club" will be lettered on either side.

As Manager Alexander estimates his weekly railroad bill at about $150, it will be seen that it will not require a great length of time for the car to pay for itself. Then it will be much more convenient because the club can go and come when it desires, something which cannot be done when traveling by rail, especially during the summer months when trains are apt to be more or less delayed.

It is not the plan of Mr. Alexander to board and lodge his men in the car. The compartments in the vehicle are made principally in view of a trip abroad through Egypt and the Holy Land that Mr. Alexander and two friends have arranged during the coming fall. It is the local manager's custom to travel in foreign countries during the cold months.—Jamestown Post.

A Woman's Devotion.

The Bradford Era of Tuesday tells the following: William Standfield, a resident of the Whitechapel district, was arrested last night by Captain Foust on a warrant charging him with assault and battery at the instance of a woman named Wilson. The arrest developed a case of feminine devotion under difficulties. Standfield was taken into custody at his abode, where his living had been provided, it is said, by a woman named Mabel Stacey. Enroute to the lockup the woman, with eyes still black and discolored from a pounding he had given her, persisted in accompanying him to imprisonment. The officers attempted to drive her away, but she was obdurate and was finally placed in a cell in the women's department. Although he has repeatedly beaten her, the woman refuses to be separated from him. She was offered her freedom providing she would leave the city, but this was no inducement to her, providing Standfield was kept in jail. To the officers Standfield gloated over the devotion of the woman and of the beatings he had administered to her.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions of condolence in memory of Brother Andrew McCabe were adopted by Smethport, Pa., Circle, No. 25, P. H. C.:

WHEREAS, Almighty God, the Father, has seen fit in His all wise providence to remove from our Circle, our honored Brother Andrew McCabe, and transferred him to the great Circle above, be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we deeply sympathize with his wife and children in this their great bereavement. Knowing that we have in his death lost a true friend and brother of proven worth, and the community an upright and honorable citizen, and be it furthermore

RESOLVED, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be handed to the bereaved family, spread upon the minutes and published in our town papers.

CLARA M. BURLINGAME,
ANNA O. STARK,
JENNIE RAMER,
Committee.

500 PEOPLE KILLED IN A TORNADO

Snyder, Oklahoma, Wiped Out by a Storm Last Night.

DETAILS ARE NOT RECEIVED YET.

Communications by Wire are Cut Off—Relief Trains En Route—The News Confirmed.

Fort Worth, May 10.—Reports over the railroad wires to Fort Worth say dispatches from Snyder, Okla., to train dispatcher of the Frisco at Sapulpa, I. T., reports a tornado struck Snyder tonight, and wrecked the town killing 500 people; relief is asked for. A message to the train dispatcher by the Fort Worth Record asking for information is answered as follows:

"We have same report and are sending a relief train on the supposition that it is true. Wires are all down."

Guthrie, May 10.—Telephone reports from Hobart, Okla., indicate that the entire town of Snyder, Okla., was destroyed by a tornado. A train of doctors, nurses and other assistants is said to have left Hobart for Snyder.

The wires are reported down between Snyder and other neighboring towns and all news is being received from Hobart.

Oklahoma City, May 11.—Reports have just reached here from Hobart and Anadarko confirming the news of a tornado at Snyder but details are not known. The Frisco railroad is sending a relief train from Chickasha to Snyder.

Ready-to-Use Paint.

Prepared or Ready-to-Use Paint has slowly but steadily won its place and become the generally used paint of today. Its status in this locality is well proved by its wide use in the last five years.

"Its success," said a prominent paint dealer yesterday, "is due mainly to two causes: first, to the inherent difficulties and disadvantages in buying paint materials and mixing them by hand; and second, to the raising of the standard of prepared paints by most manufacturers."

"The old crude hand-mixing of paint," he continued, "was bound sooner or later to be displaced by modern scientific processes—the wonder is that the old methods were persisted in so long in view of the economy and better results obtained by good prepared paint.

"The man buying raw materials is not in position to test the various ingredients to make sure that he is securing the best quality. The large manufacturer is forced to make careful tests in order to protect himself against being loaded up with inferior goods. Then the materials cannot possibly be combined in so accurate proportions, the pigment and oil so thoroughly incorporated, nor the colors made so uniform and true when the quantities used are largely guessed at and when mixed with a stick in a tub or pail as when each ingredient is weighed and measured, and mixed by exact formulas and ground in mills specially built for the purpose. It is hand work against machinery; guessing compared with scientific exactness."

The dealer further stated that the convenience of buying and using prepared paint appealed to every property owner. All he had to do was to decide on the colors he wanted and then get the paints ready to go on his building without the worry or expense of buying the various ingredients and the risk of not getting the desired colors.

Asked regarding the position painters took towards prepared paints, the paint man said: "They take the stand I do, they oppose 'cheap dope' brands of ready-mixed paints and endorse good prepared paint. Several of the boss painters in this vicinity give me strong support in pushing the paint I sell. They find it easier to apply than lead and it helps them to do a better job."

In reply to a query regarding the outlook in the paint trade for this spring, he replied, "Never better. We shall see more painting this spring than in any previous year."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 6, 1905:

Alexander Barbour, James Howland, Frank W. Hartenby, Mrs. Herbert Housler, Miss Amelia Pistner, Mrs. Annie Van Valkenburg.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Choice lots for sale in borough of Smethport on Water St., Main St., King St., and North St. Any of these lots will be sold at reasonable prices and liberal time will be given to all parties who wish to improve same. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Trolley from Bradford to Smethport.

Last Sunday's Bradford Herald says: Duke Centre, after years of being cut off from railroad facilities, will once again have its name on a time table. The best the little town ever had was a narrow gauge, but now it will have a modern trolley. The new proposed road will start from the American House in East Bradford, pass through Sawyer City, through Duke Centre and on to Smethport. The territory through which it will pass has sufficient population to make the road a paying investment. It will run in almost a straight line from this city to Smethport and will be the shortest distance to the county seat. By rail Smethport is now about 24 miles and by wagon road via Rew City and Farmers Valley the distance is 18 miles.

Just who is back of the proposition is unknown, but the general impression in this city is that S. S. Bullis is the important factor, but a man residing near Duke Centre, through whose farm the proposed line will go, stated that the project was being launched by the Paige combination of Olean.

A Herald representative called at the B., B. & K. office to inquire about the matter and found that Mr. Bullis was absent from the city and the office force knew nothing about the proposed trolley system from this city to Smethport other than what was rumored. They admitted, however, that they would soon make extensive improvements in the narrow gauge and that they had the proposition of widening the gauge and using electricity as the motive power. Mr. Bullis was in Kane Thursday and, according to the impression given out there by Mr. Bullis, if the shippers of that town would stand by him he would give them a first class broad gauge railroad. It is possible that he intends to link the narrow gauge with this new project.

The Paige interests of Olean have a trolley system running from Olean to Portville, Ceres, Shingle House and Bolivar, and it is not impossible that they will extend the line to Eldred, Duke Centre and Smethport. And Duke Center being so near to this city will connect with the trolley at East Bradford in order to catch the business between this city, Duke Centre and Smethport.

Look Out For This Chap.

The latest fraud enters the store and buys some goods. He tears a check out of his pocket book and writes a check on the local bank in payment and says he will call for the goods later on. The wise merchant hurries to the bank and is told that the check is worthless, but not until he has first written his name on the back of it and presented it at the cashier's window. The man comes after his goods and is told about the check business. He is considerably indignant, asks for the check and goes over to the bank to see about it.

He doesn't come back, but goes to another town and repeats the performance. All the checks turn up after a while in another bank, where he has opened an account under another name and deposited the endorsed checks, along with a small amount of money. He checks out the account and the merchants who have written their names on the back of his worthless checks have to settle.—Ex.

Odd Fellows Visit Bradford.

A delegation of 50 members of Smethport Lodge, I. O. O. F., were the guests last night of Canton Bradford, No. 43, Patriarchs Militant, at the Odd Fellows Temple.

Degree work was exemplified for the edification of the visitors, and a large class of candidates were given the initiatory degree. Following the ceremonies the visitors were entertained with a banquet, at the conclusion of which informal remarks were delivered by various members of the order. Canton Bradford has a membership of about 100 and within a few months will be the largest organization of its kind in Pennsylvania. The drill team will go to Philadelphia in the fall to compete in the prize drills to be held there under the auspices of the State organization.

The banquet was served at the Hotel Weaver.—Saturday's Era.

Prospective Husbands Put to Test.

Because about 10,000 men of all ages from every state in the union want to marry the 120 women who are eligible for matrimony and drew homesteads on the Rosebud Indian reservation, these 120 women have formed a mutual protective association.

The man who marries into the society must first show that he is able to work a farm and must put in a whole season at plowing, sowing and harvesting. After he does all this work, for which the object of his affections is the reward, the applicant may be rejected if he does not please the owner of the homestead.

Wanted—Middle aged woman to work in family of two elderly people. Steady place to right person. Call on or address RALPH E. BURDICK.

Our easy running, ball bearing, clean cutting Lawn Mowers give satisfaction. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Great Breach of Promise Suit.

The mock court trial to be given under the auspices of the Travellers' Club at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday evening, May 25th, promises to be an event of unusual interest. It will be, in the first place, an exact reproduction of a court scene in methods and procedure and on this account will be extremely interesting to ladies and others who have never attended a real trial.

Best of all will be the refined fun of the whole affair. With Justice B. L. Knapp presiding over the court, Miss Mary Choate as the plaintiff, Guy B. Mayo, Esq., as the defendant, Col. Newton prosecuting the case and Attorney Fred D. Gallup defending the accused, to say nothing of the brilliant array of court officers, witnesses and jurors, it is pretty certain we shall have all the comedy and reality of a court scene and enough wholesome fun to last until next winter.

The following is the makeup of the court:

Judge, Justice B. L. Knapp.
Clerk, Wm. H. Morrison.
Plaintiff, Miss Mary Choate.
Defendant, Guy B. Mayo, Esq.
Defendant's Attorney, Fred D. Gallup, Esq.
Plaintiff's Attorney, Col. A. V. Newton of Worcester, Mass.
Court Officer, D. C. Young.
Court Crier, Geo. W. Mitchell.
Witnesses, Mrs. S. A. Powell, Miss Mabel Camp, Dr. John Clark, Clarence Choate, Frank Dunbar, Harry Rubin.
Jurors, F. W. Brownell, J. L. Morrison, R. E. Burdick, Orlo J. Hamlin, Guy McCoy, Chas. McKean, S. D. Weaver, Ralph Glenson, T. F. Richmond, Sheridan Gorton, S. E. Bell, T. H. Morrison, Bernard Garlick.

Wherever similar entertainments have been given their success has been phenomenal and it is not likely that Smethport lacks the material to give the affair a liveliness and piquancy equal to the best.

Libel Cases.

The Pennypacker press muzzler law, passed by the legislature of 1903 for the protection of political crooks and grafters, but generally regarded as unconstitutional and non-effective, is at last to be given a test. It is announced that 16 press muzzler suits against Pittsburg papers have been entered in Butler county by Allegheny police officials, because of statements made regarding the present anti-graft crusade in Allegheny. Twelve suits have been entered against the Leader and four against the Gazette by Captain of Police James Wilson. The copies of the informations received in Pittsburg show that several of the suits are based on editorial comment on the graft cases. A couple of them are based on cartoons.

Harmless Cannon for July 4.

A cannon for Fourth of July, which can do no damage to children has been invented by Professor William Saddards Franklin, head of the department of physics at Lehigh University.

There is a loud explosion, which cannot burst the cannon, a flash which would not scorch a feather, and a missile of cork which does not hurt. He has applied a principle of chemistry by which a combination of gas and air ignited by an electric spark, makes a noise like a cannon and causes a flash of flame of such low temperature that it does not burn. It is estimated that 5,000 shots can be fired for 5 cents.

Another Carnegie Gift.

Andrew Carnegie has set aside $10,000,000, to be used as a fund for furnishing annuities for college professors who have gone by their age of usefulness. The interest from the securities amounts to $500,000 which would furnish 1000 annuities of $500 each. The fact that college professors are not well paid and are never certain of employment after the age of sixty years is reached makes this gift of the ironmaster a very thoughtful and praiseworthy one. He has tied no string to the gift and has started a fund that other millionaires may augment.

Composite-Observation Cars.

Something entirely new has been placed on the Overland Limited trains. It is a composite observation car. It affords women passengers an opportunity of enjoying the scenery with the greatest comfort and free from the fumes of tobacco smoke. Throughout the car there has been placed a series of steel arches, which bind side and sills together and strengthen the roof in a manner which renders the car almost indestructible."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m. daily. Arrives San Francisco the third day in time for dinner. Route—Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific line.

Having dissolved partnership with A. T. Palmer and stock divided I have for sale three second hand buggies, one surry; one heavy platform spring wagon, one light double harness.

F. J. VICKERY.

A desirable house for rent. For particulars call on or address J. J. Alexander, P., S. & N. depot.

Horse for Sale

Four years old, weight 1,100 pounds. Apply to MINER office.

Ye Stirring Adventures of Captain Elisha Hopewell

By CHARLES B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1903, by Charles B. Lewis

(Ye captain was ye sole owner of ye brig Mary Ann, and between ye years 750 and 1750 he sailed out of ye ports of Salem and Boston, generally accompanied by his wife Nancy.)

It was in July of the year 1781. British warships were thick on the American coast, and, though Yankee craft were constantly dodging in and out, each skipper realized that he ran a terrible risk. One day early in the month Captain Elisha Hopewell of the brig Mary Ann of Salem, who had not made a voyage for two months, entered his house to say to his wife:

"Wal, Nancy, I've got a cargo for the brig at last."

"I should think it was about time," replied the wife as she mixed her dough for the usual two loaves of bread without looking up.

"What d'ye think 'tis?" asked the captain as he sat down and pulled off his right boot, which had been chafing his heel.

"Dunno. But I shall be ready when the brig is."

"Nancy, I don't think you'll care about goin' on this voyage. It's a rayther peculiar cargo, and I guess you'll sort of decide to stay home and mind the cat and the hollyhocks."

"Now, Elisha Hopewell, don't be silly. What's the cargo and where's the Mary Ann goin'?"

"The cargo is—is po-w-d-e-r!" whispered the captain.

"Well, what of it?"

"A hundred kegs of powder, a thousand pounds of lead, five barrels of flints and 200 muskets."

"And where ye bound for, Elisha?"

"Goin' to try to git into Wilmington, North Caroleeny. The lead and the flints and the muskets is all right, Nancy, but think of a hundred kegs of powder! By Josh, but it gives me cold feet!"

"I'm thinking it will give the British cold feet if them North Caroleeny patriots git hold of it," she grimly replied, but without the shadow of a smile. "When will you be ready?"

"Day after tomorrer."

"So'll I."

"But, Nancy, think of the powder—a hundred barls of it! Just let a spark touch it, and we'll be blowed into a million pieces."

"I'm a-goin' along to keep the sparks away. Now, Elisha, don't waste any more breath nor make that hole in your stockin' any bigger. Git goin' along, powder or no powder. The cat can scratch around for a livin', and it wouldn't be no great harm if the hollyhocks died for want of water. That's all, and it won't do no good to say another word."

The captain pulled on his boot and went out and split some wood to bake the bread, and the subject wasn't mentioned again for twenty-four hours. Then the wife sent a few things down to the brig, shut up the stove, poured all the water out of the teakettle and appeared on board. Next morning the Mary Ann put to sea. The brig had been built for a trader. She was fast, but she mounted no guns. As for firearms, there was only one musket aboard, and just who that belonged to nobody seemed to know. While nearly every other merchantman out of New England ports could make more or less of a stout defense if attacked, the Mary Ann depended on her wings alone. In this matter both Elisha and Nancy were agreed.

"Guns and powder and ball cost money," was the way the captain put it, "while wind don't cost nothin'."

"Even if we could fight and lick one of them British men-of-war we could never bring her into port with our seven men," was the argument used by the wife.

After heading straight out to sea until he believed he was clear of any of the blockaders Captain Elisha laid his southern course. Now and then a distant sail was sighted, but nothing happened to cause alarm until the brig was well down toward Cape Hatteras. Then one evening as fair progress was being made and all was going well Nancy looked up from her sewing at Elisha as he came sauntering down into the cabin and said:

"Elisha, you know how my feet allus burn at sea when we're goin' to have a calm? We'll lose the wind before 10 o'clock."

"By Josh, but I don't like it!" he exclaimed, with considerable vigor. "We're slippin' right along to git around the cape by sunup, and we can't have no calms."

"Got to have, Elisha, and it won't do no good to talk about it!"

In less than two hours the breeze had fined down and died out, and the Mary Ann lay tossing on the ground swell. The cargo was one to be got into the hands of the southern patriots without delay, and at least a portion of it was something no skipper cared to have aboard any longer than he could make a port. As the calm came Captain Elisha Hopewell fretted and fumed and wondered if it could be his undoing. The British still held Charleston, and from that port they patrolled the southern coast. Nothing had been in sight when night closed in, but morning and a breeze might find a frigate in his wake or cruising up the coast. At the end of an hour and as he was still pacing the deck Nancy joined him and quietly said:

"Elisha, you'd new git ready fur a thunderstorm."

"N-o-o!" he fairly shouted as he flung up his arms.

"It's comin', Elisha. I can smell a thunderstorm ten miles off as you very well know."

"But the powder, Nancy—the hundred barls of powder! We shall be struck by lightnin' and blowed to mince meat!"

"Mebbe we shall, but we can't help ourselves. That's all just now, Elisha. Better change your clothes and git ready for the rain."

Five minutes later there came a flash of lightning, followed by the rumble of thunder, and within a quarter of an hour there was a terrific downpour of rain which lasted for a full hour. At every flash of lightning the crew of the brig shivered and trembled, and they were a frightened and humbled lot when the storm finally passed over. The breeze did not come up as the heavens cleared, and then every sailor knew that the calm would hold until sunrise. Midnight came and the captain was just leaving the deck in charge of his mate when Nancy, who had declared her intention of going to bed half an hour before, suddenly appeared on deck and began sniffing and smelling at the air.

"Is the wind a-comin'?" asked the captain, with considerable interest.

"No wind, Elisha," she answered, "but I'll tell you what's what. I don't know what's become of all your noses that you can't smell a whale close by."

"A whale!" shouted the captain. "But, by Josh, then your nose must have got a twist in it. If there was a whale within five miles of us"—

"Whale almost alongside of us, sir!" interrupted a voice from the bows of the brig. And there was a hurrying forward to confirm the announcement.

A whale fully sixty feet long had risen to the surface so quietly that no wash of the sea betrayed his presence. He was lying head and tail with the brig and almost rubbing her starboard side, and every man wondered that the odor of the leviathan had not betrayed his presence long before.

"I said a whale, Elisha," observed Nancy as she looked over the rail upon the great bulk, "and I calkerate you'll acknowledge I'm right."

"But what we goin' to do with him?" asked the captain in a bewildered way.

"Nothin' 't all. Jest let him be. He's old enough and big enough to take care of himself."

"But if he stayes in the brig he'll stave in the powder!"

"Can't be helped. You can't argue with a whale. We'd better all keep still and see if he won't go away."

The suggestion was followed, but the leviathan did not take his departure. He seemed to have come to the surface to take a long nap. Now and then a long drawn sigh escaped from his spout hole, but so far as could be observed by the men, who moved about in their bare feet and peered over the bulwarks at intervals, he never moved a fin. His quiet hanging on made everybody nervous, and the result was that nobody slept. Captain Elisha paced up and down on tiptoe, and Nancy got out needle and thread and found a pocket of his which needed mending. An hour after midnight the captain descended to the cabin to whisper to her:

"Nancy, I'm diggered, if I know what's to be done!"

"Now, Elisha, what's the use of all this stewin'?" she asked as she held her needle suspended to look at him. "A calm is a calm and is goin' to continner to be a calm till the wind gits up. 'Pears to me that even Deacon Taylor's oxen could figger that out."

"But it's the whale, Nancy—the whale!" he hoarsely whispered.

"What about the whale? He hain't hurt nobody yet, and I don't think he intends to. I'm worryin' more about our cat at home than I am about the whale alongside."

"Just one flap of his tail would bust in the brig and the barls of powder, and away we'd go!"

"Wal, I ain't goin' to worry 'bout no flaps, and it won't do you no good to prowl around. Better lie down on the locker and git forty winks of sleep."

The hours dragged on, and the calm continued, so did the whale. When dawn came stealing over the sea at last he was rubbing the barnacles off his side against the Mary Ann and taking lots of comfort. The first thing they all looked for was the whale. The next thing was for sight of sail, and Nancy pointed her finger to the east and nudged the captain with her elbow and quietly said:

"Elisha, don't you kind of think that's an English frigate comin' in on the breeze which we hain't got yet?"

"By Josh, and I do!" he shouted after a brief look. "Yes, sir-e-e! That's a British frigate, and the Mary Ann is as good as captured this very minit! Nancy, you might as well begin to pack up your pins and needle."

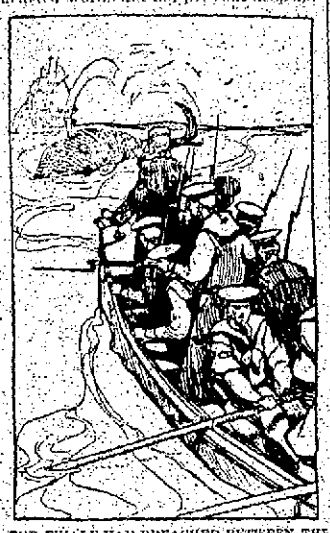
"I shan't pack nothin', Elisha. She's got a small breeze out there, but it won't hold. It'll die out and then whip around and come off the cape."

"That'll be it, captain," added the mate as he leaped up on the rail to squint at the sky and observe the set of the sea.

"But if it fails calm she'll lower her boats to tackle us," persisted the captain. "I'm tellin' you that the brig is as good as captured right now, and we might jest as well git ready to see the inside of an English prison. By Josh, Nancy, but didn't I tell you to stay home?"

"You did, Elisha, but I'm here all the same. What a man you are to fret! Britisher is seven miles off yet, and can't you see how the wind's dyin' out? Now, you stop your frettin' and let Providence sort of take hold. Nobody is ever captured till you've got hold of their coat tails, and even then the coat may wriggle off."

The eyes of the crew were on the captain, however, and the wife's stout hearted words did not prevent despond-



THE WHALE HAD BREACHED BETWEEN THE BOAT AND BRIG.

ency. The entire crew agreed that the Mary Ann would never enter the port of Salem again, and those who had extra garments began to put them on so as to save being despoiled. Captain and mate sat down on the cabin skylight and sighed and groaned, while Nancy walked the deck and occasionally glanced from the whale to the frigate. When the latter had come up within five miles she lost the last of the breeze. She knew the brig to be a Yankee trader and her captain would take no chances. Down dropped a boat, and fifteen men followed it, and in a minute more it was headed for the brig.

"Wal, mebbe you can git some comfort out of that!" growled Captain Elisha as he rose up and pointed toward the boat.

"That hain't hoistin' us yet," replied Nancy.

"But what's to hinder her?"

"Don't tell, but I somehow feel as if Providence would pull us out of this, Elisha. Hopewell, you hain't got half the grit I thought you had, and you've chewed, chawed and cut codfish till you seem to have lost all your faith!"

Even though the frigate was five miles away, a sort of quiver went through the whale as her boat struck the water. It could not be doubted that he heard the sound. When the boat had covered a mile he parted from the brig and stewed himself around almost by inches. Ten minutes more, and there was a cry that he had disappeared. He went as he came, silently and without showing a patch of foam. The boat was pulling steadily on, with the young sun glistening on the bayonets of the armed crew, and Captain Elisha had just fetched another groan of despair when there were shouts of astonishment from forward and aft.

The whale had breached between the boat and the brig. He came up from the sea as if he had 200 pounds of steam on and had forced a good third of his length out of water before he fell on the surface with a mighty crash. He did not rush at the boat, but he lay fair in her course and beat the water into acres of foam and rolled this way and that until the seas he kicked up made the Mary Ann dance. The boat came to a sudden stop. It looked as if the whale had a chip on his shoulder and was aching for a row. After ten minutes of delay the boat put about for the frigate.

"By Josh and by Josh!" whispered the captain.

"Have I gone squint eyed, or has the boat put back?" demanded the mate.

"Elisha Hopewell, d'ye see the wind comin'?" asked Nancy as she pointed to the northwest. "Better make good use of it to git out of this."

The sails of the Mary Ann were spread, and she made a good two miles headway before the frigate felt the first puff. A chase followed, but what was a good sailing breeze for a small brig was a slow pace for a heavy frigate, and by and by the pursuer hauled off and went his way. A few hours later the cargo was landed, and the brave General Greene had the munitions to fight the gallant action of Eutaw Springs. When the last barrel of powder and the last pound of lead were out of the brig Captain Elisha descended to the cabin and kissed his wife with a resounding smack.

"La, now, but what's come over you, Elisha?" she asked in surprise.

"You saved the Mary Ann, and, by Josh, I'll kiss you again!"

"Git out and don't act like a boy! I never saved the brig 't all. All I did was to tell you to hang on and trust in that whale and Providence, and I hope it'll be a lesson to you fur the rest of your days not to holler before you're hurt."

Point Not Well Taken.

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—I don't see why they call it "grand opera" when it's in English. It isn't grand opera when you can understand what the singers are saying. Mrs. Selldom Holme—Why, bless you, you can't understand them any better when they sing in English than when they sing in Italian.—Chicago Tribune.

Such Is Life.

"It's a hard struggle to conduct one's business without plenty of capital," observed the man with the lugrowing chin.

"You're right," agreed the man with the mange nose. "If a fellow hasn't got plenty of backing he has to do a lot of sidestepping."—St. Louis Republic.

Ancestors.

"My ancestors," said the man whose name happened to be Endicott, "came over in the Mayflower."

"And mine," observed the man whose name was Adams, "were the original occupants of the garden of Eden."—Chicago Tribune.

THE ORIGIN OF BEDS

SLEEPING COUCHES CAN BE TRACED BACK TO 700 B. C.

They Were in Use by the Etruscans and Were Mostly of Stone, Terra Cotta and Marble—Bed Furnishings of the Ancient Greeks and Romans.

The oldest bed in existence is a bronze of Etruscan manufacture dating from the seventh century B. C. This was found in excavations made at Gordion, in Asia Minor, and from the fact that it is the only one of its age ever unearthed among the many other pieces of furniture found in ancient ruins the conclusion is drawn that beds at this early era were a novelty.

It is sure that previous to this there is no record of the existence of beds which may be taken as authority. Prehistoric man evidently got along quite well without any bed to lie in, and it was not until the life of Etrurians and Greeks began to verge into comparative sybaritic luxury that the bed as a component part of the household was universally recognized.

Even then the bed was more kin to the modern couch than the article in which civilized man today takes his repose. According to Greek and Roman wall paintings, bas-reliefs and representations in sculpture, the original bed was a bench, often a beautifully carved and decorated bench and one covered with costly draperies, but still in form a bench compared to the beds of today. Many of them were made of terra cotta, some of marble, and then there is the bronze specimen which is still in use.

Etruscan wall paintings of the fifth and sixth centuries B. C. show that these couches were plentiful then. The Etrurians builded well when they came to make beds, for most of the pictures show them as made of stone, terra cotta and marble being favorite materials. In shape they were narrow, set on legs, much like the couch of today, and piled high with cushions. There were two kinds of beds or couches in this period, one for reclining upon at mealtime and the other for sleeping. In some instances the same couch was used for both purposes.

With the early Greeks and Romans the bed played a more prominent part in the life of the people than it does today. Paintings from these times show the bed or couch a prominent factor at all meal times and banqueting scenes, the persons participating reclining while they dined or carried on a conversation. Early scenes where the characters concerned are wholly mythological show them meeting death, delivering speeches or rejoicing idly, all on couches of a nearly similar design. The sleeping couch rarely occurs in this early sculpture or painting.

In force the bed of this era was based on principles much akin to those upon which our beds are now made. There are the body, legs and headpiece, all made much as they are made today. At first, so far as can be found, the body was only a slab of marble laid across two upright stones serving as legs. Later, however, there come to view a leg for each corner and a headpiece. The best examples of modern beds show the skill of the ancients in sculpture and painting and the importance with which they regarded the bed. The legs are often notable examples of the carver's art, and the sides serve as panels whereon the artist of the day depicted the life of the period.

Other Greek couches have legs made of blocks of wood mortised together. Later the entire bed was made of wood. Many of these specimens were of the costliest manufacture, the wood being inlaid with ivory and other articles of ornament. Tortoise shell as a means of decorating couches seems to have been introduced about 100 B. C. Later silver and gold were occasionally used.

In furnishings the ancients pursued about the same system as is in vogue of present. Mattresses, pillows, valances and loose draperies are shown in the early vase paintings. All couches had mattresses, but the thickness, quality and kind varied with the different periods. At first only a few skins thrown over the body of the bed were used.

The pillows were of various shapes, some being long and narrow, others approximately square and still others nearly round in appearance. The Greek or Roman of this period was a most luxurious personage, as he required at least three pillows to enable him to secure a good night's rest. There was one for his head, one for his elbow and one for his feet.

The mattresses and pillows were covered with linen or wool. Leather to some extent was used as a covering for the pillows. Rare instances are found where silk was employed as bed covering.

A great variety of materials was used in stuffing both articles. The commonest article among the Greeks seems to have been refuse wool torn off in carding or fulling cloth. Among the Romans wool especially prepared was the favorite article for this purpose. Straw and rushes were used largely by the poor classes. Feather pillows are first mentioned as being in existence in the fourth century. The draperies and hangings were in many instances rich tapestries.

In the representations of Roman beds the furnishings run generally to luxury and display, and the draperies are the parts given the most attention. The most striking colors to be obtained were used in their manufacture and decoration, and the looms of the east were scoured for the best examples of weaving. Purple was a favorite color, and the wealth of a person was often indicated by the excellence of the bed draperies in his house.

Bedmaking and bed furnishing had attained to this stage in the year 400 A. D. A painting of a bed of this period shows an article of manufacture and furnishings much like the bed of today. There are four legs, sides of wood and wooden slats or occasionally leather interlacing to furnish rests for the mattress. There are two headpieces, one at each end, suggesting that even at this late date the sleeper was accustomed to have a pillow for his feet. Of the furnishings the mattress and pillows are covered with a striped stuff not unlike many cloths of the present, and a blanket covering the mattress is tucked between it and the bedside, much as the neat housewife now tucks in her snowy sheet.

Here, however, the resemblance to the present style of bed ceases. The legs at the head are carved to represent animals' paws and mythological creatures. At the foot a woman with supporting "platform writhing" holds forth. The sides are massive panels carved in a similar manner, and the structure of the whole looks as an article made to be handed down from one generation to the other.—Chicago Tribune.

PRAIRIE DOGS.

Choked Up a River While Traveling From Oklahoma to Texas.

"The prairie dog migration from Oklahoma to southwestern Texas during July, 1874, eclipsed anything of that sort witnessed by white men in this country," said a veteran who saw it. "Millions of the frisky little barkers must have been in quest of new pastures or perhaps feared the approaching legions of home seekers would surely exterminate the dogs and plow up the dog towns. The prairie dog migration from the north to the southwest lasted six days during the month of July, 1874. The traveling dogs, while crossing the Red river interfered to a great extent with the cattle that came to that stream to quench their thirst. Some cowboys that were on the banks of Red river during the time when the prairie dogs swam across say that the stream was chock full of the little rascals for many miles up and down the river. The thirsty cattle were either unable or unwilling to stick their mouths into the water through the moving mass of living prairie dogs. The cowboys were getting ready to drive the famishing stock to a distant stream, but the Red river became clear of the repelling swimmers after blocking the useful drinking place for about a week. It was generally supposed that the dogs halted when they had reached the stated plains of Texas."—Kansas City Times.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 5, December Term, 1904

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Delphine Weipner did, on the 3rd day of October 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Peter J. Weipner.

We therefore command you, the said Peter J. Weipner, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Delphine Weipner and show cause, if any you have, why the said Delphine Weipner, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 1, 1905.

Samuel W. Smith, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 9, December Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Marian J. McVay did on the 31 day of October 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Daniel H. McVay.

We therefore command you, the said Daniel H. McVay, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Marian J. McVay and show cause, if any you have, why the said Marian J. McVay, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Daniel H. McVay.

We therefore command you, the said Daniel H. McVay, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Marian J. McVay and show cause, if any you have, why the said Marian J. McVay, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 1, 1905.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 46, December Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lottie E. Wall did, on the 18th day of October 1904 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John Wall.

We therefore command you, the said John Wall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June 1905, to answer the petition or libel of Lottie E. Wall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lottie E. Wall your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1905.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 30, December Term, 1904

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Commodore Cornelius did, on the 3rd day of October 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth, he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Mary Ann Cornelius.

We therefore command you, the said Mary Ann Cornelius, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Commodore Cornelius and show cause, if any you have, why the said Commodore Cornelius, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 1, 1905.

Brown & Schoonmaker and Jas. P. Ryan, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 100, June Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Sarah Isabell Goit did, on the 28th day of March, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Frederick Goit.

We therefore command you, the said James Frederick Goit that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Sarah Isabell Goit and show cause, if any you have, why the said Sarah Isabell Goit, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 1st, 1905.

E. C. Anderson, Libellant's Attorney.

A SURGICAL OPERATION

is no longer necessary for the removal of Stone and Gravel from the Kidneys and Bladder, since the Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. David Kennedy's new medicine, quickly dissolves and swiftly expels Stone (Red and White Gravel) thus freeing the patient of the inflammation and pain caused by the presence of these lime formations. Better than all, Cal-cura Solvent prevents the formation of Stone and Gravel and all uric acid conditions of the Blood. The medical profession has accepted and heartily endorse the principle upon which Dr. Kennedy has based his claims for Cal-cura Solvent. All druggists, $1.00. Write to the Cal-cura Co., Kennedy Bldg., Kingston, N. Y., for a free trial bottle.

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SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Sourse.)

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

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Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner,

C. J. VANBLAD.

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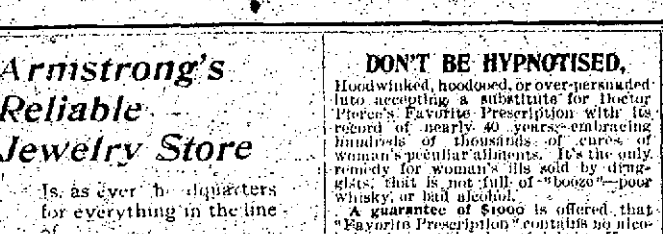
AMERICAN FIELD AND HOG FENCE



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Made of large, strong, high-grade steel wires, heavily galvanized. Amply provides for expansion and contraction. Is practically everlasting. Never goes wrong, no matter how great a strain is put on it. Does not mutilate, but does, efficiently, **turn cattle, horses, hogs and pigs.**

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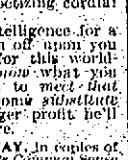
A guarantee of $1000 is offered that "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, opium or other harmful drug. Keeps in any climate.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful invigorating tonic, and imparts strength to the whole system and to the womanly and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shopgirls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to attempt to palm off upon you an alcoholic *substitute* for this world-famed medicine. You *know* what you want. It's his business to *meet that want.* When he urges some *substitute* he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare.

$50,000 GIVEN AWAY, in copies of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at $1.50 per copy. Last year we gave away 50,000 worth of these books. This year we shall give away 450,000 worth of them. Will **you** share in this benefit? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, for book in stiff paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



If out of health, write to old Dr. Pierce. He will send you good, fatherly, professional advice without charge.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

These sugar-coated little Pellets are for constipation, the easiest to take and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. They are the **Original Little Liver Pills,** first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce, over 40 years ago. They have been much imitated but never equaled. They come in vials, always fresh and reliable; a convenient vest-pocket remedy.

McLean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Smethport will celebrate.

—H. H. Redfield has purchased a Winton touring car.

—H. W. Rabju has placed a new sign in front of his shoe store which is very neat.

—Read the new advertisement of the Miller Hardware Co., Olean, in this issue.

—The Euchre Club was entertained by Mrs. W. O. Herzog at her home on Mechanic street yesterday afternoon.

—A number of Smethport young people attended the dance for the benefit of the baseball team at Mt. Jewett last Friday night.

—Dr. M. A. Todd, one of the oldest and best known physicians of Bradford, died last Thursday from blood poisoning. He was aged 58 years and is survived by a wife and one son.

—Maxine Elliott after her performance in "Her Own Way" at the Lyric theater in London Monday night was called to King Edward's box where he complimented her very highly.

—A law recently signed by Governor Pennypacker makes it a misdemeanor to allow boys under 18 years of age in a billiard or pool room or bowling alley, punishable by a fine of not less than $10 or more than $100.

—A monument of neat and substantial design has just been placed in the Catholic cemetery on the lot of Mr. M. Burns to the memory of his wife, Ellen Quick, and Jerome Burns. The work was furnished and completed at Olean by Foles Bros. Co.

—It seems that the anti-cigarette law in Indiana was intended as a joke. The Senate passed it as a joke on the House, then the House passed it as a joke on the Senate, and finally the Governor signed it as a joke on both Houses. All this was great fun, but those who are being fined under the act are not so hilarious.

—J. L. Johnson of Bradford, who was a candidate for prothonotary at the recent Republican primaries, has been appointed to a clerical position in the State service, with headquarters in Harrisburg. He will succeed ex-Senator Pinnb, who has been identified with the position for several years. Mr. Johnson will assume his new duties on June 1, at a salary of $1,400 per year.

—In the Eldred Eagle's Looking Backward 20 Years is the following: At a meeting in the Riddell House, Bradford, Friday the committee to select the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument to be erected at Smethport, selected the plans of the St. Johnsonburg Granite Company. The height of the monument will be 28 feet, surmounted by a full-length statue of Gen. Thos. L. Kane, commander of the famous "Bucktails." The cost will be about $5,000. The committee consisted of Dr. S. D. Freeman and B. F. Wright of Smethport and P. M. Fuller of Bradford.

Rainless Regions.

The rainless regions of the globe owe their aridity to the fact that they are shut off from the influence of moist winds by high mountain chains. The chief of these are those of Egypt, the Sahara, the desert of Gobi and the coast of Peru. The driest place in the world is probably that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall here, and the inhabitants do not believe travelers who tell them that water can fall from the sky. The great trade winds at the starting points of their paths are the cause of drought and barrenness, but where they cross land at the termination of their course they give out bounteous rain supplies. The contrasts thus offered are very striking. Thus some parts of the Moroccan Sahara near the head of the northeastern Atlantic trade wind do not experience a shower for perhaps twenty years at a time, while the same wind when it reaches the coast of South America produces a rainfall representing a depth of twenty feet of water in a year.

Rats as an Article of Diet.

Rats have never found favor as a delicacy for the table in Europe or in this country, but in many lands they are relished as an article of diet. The negro slaves of Jamaica used to regard them as a dainty, their masters not providing them with any other meat. Their method of cooking the toothsome rodents was to impale each one on a long wooden skewer after cleaning the animal and cutting off the tail, turning it briskly around over a fire until the hair was all burned off. Then it was scraped until free from fur, and finally the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclined toward the fire, until it was toasted dry and crisp, thus being made ready for the meal. Rats may commonly be seen for sale in the markets of any Chinese town, split and pressed under a heavy weight, so as to look somewhat like dried fish. In this shape the pigtailed oriental buys them, soaks them in water and then boils, roasts or fries them.

Looking One in the Eyes.

There is a venerable specimen of proverbial philosophy which says that the man who cannot look you in the face is dishonest. No other saying has received greater currency. It strikes the popular mind with axiomatic force, and yet it is not a reliable test of character. Every confidence man who succeeds in his calling has the steady gaze of the honorable person. No person who is skilled in the fine art of deception fails to take all obvious precaution to impress his dupes. On the other hand, many persons of unquestionable integrity are "out of countenance" by mere shyness. So horribly was this truth developed in the case of Hawthorne, in his earlier years at least, that he would go out of his way to avoid meeting those who desired to converse with him. It would be impossible for such a man to cash a forged check, to borrow money from a bank on bogus collaterals.

The great rascals can face the world without shrinking.—New York World.

Advice to the Men.

Reams of advice are unloaded upon woman telling, instructing and admonishing her how to make home pleasant, so that the lord and master may find comfort therein. So, then, why should not some advice be given to the said lord and master? For verily there is more than one of them who make home decidedly unpleasant. There is the man who does not realize that his wife needs recreation and outside amusement once in a while, so that she can continue to make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that children must be noisy sometimes and play and romp if home is to be pleasant to them.—A Woman Coe, in Philadelphia Telegraph.

Snakes Are Great Fasters.

Snakes, though at times they gorge themselves, are great fasters. In the French museum an anaconda twenty feet long was a very small feeder, though he gained in weight. Taken there in 1853, he had only thirty-four meals during the next five years, consisting of a small goat or a few rabbits. The interval between these meals varied from twenty-three to 204 days. He would not touch food unless he was in real need of it, and it was only by watching him and noticing when he seemed to be uneasy that his keepers could conclude that he was hungry. During the long fast, which was in 1858, many strenuous efforts were made to tempt or force him to eat without the least success.

Profit and Loss.

Here is a story illustrative of the tribulations of an editor of a paper in the west in the old days. Away back in the early eighties of the last century a notice appeared in a journal published at Dodge City which ran as follows:

"In view of the fact that we cannot pay the road tax of $10 assessed against us this year we have been sentenced to a certain period of confinement by the judicial authorities of this state; consequently there will be no issue of this paper for the next three weeks. But, as the state will of course have to board us, we figure that we shall come out some $20 ahead."—Harper's Weekly.

The Importance of Advertising.

There was when advertising was regarded as "blowing one's own horn," and there have been in it at times shams and frauds, just as there have been in other lines of business. All that has changed very perceptibly in the past three or four decades. Business men have realized that the world is too large to ask the people in it to look around and find out for themselves what the manufacturer makes or what the merchant has to sell. The responsible consumer must be found and told about what is for sale and why he should buy it. That is all there is to advertising.—Indianapolis Star.

A Remarkable Scrapbook.

One of the most carefully guarded possessions of the United States treasury is a scrapbook that is always kept locked up in a massive burglar proof safe. It contains a record of engraving and printing of every bill, note and bond issued by the government. Every sheet of paper that is used in the manufacture of the bills is pasted in the book, and every plate from which the bills are printed is also pasted in the book. Every bill that is ever counterfeited is also pasted in the book, and the government officials are thus enabled to keep a close watch on the counterfeiters.

Forced Latitude.

Miss Sweet—The little boy that is playing with your brother is scratching up the parlor furniture terribly! Miss Van Fleet—I know it, but if I tell him to stop he'll go home and tell the whole family that I'm cross, and his big brother is my latest catch.—Detroit Free Press.

The Dog Spider.

The giant of the whole spider family is the "hound" or "dog" spider of Madagascar. Its body weighs almost a pound, and each of its eight legs is longer and larger in diameter than the common cedar pencil. Each of its mandibles is three-fourths of an inch in length and very strong. The dog spider does not spread a net and lie in wait for his prey, as do the gigantic bird spiders of Ceylon, but "follows the trail" in exact imitation of a hound. It will follow a faint scent to and fro through the weeds and undergrowth until the course is ascertained and then suddenly dart off in a bee line and quickly overtake the lizard, rat, mole or other animal of which it is in pursuit. It has been known to capture and kill lizards a foot or more in length, and Professor Barnaby tells of one which pounced upon and killed a full grown rat. The dog spider is said to be the only variety among the larger species of spiders which is absolutely nonvenomous, there being no more danger in its bite than there is in that of a squirrel or a rabbit.

The Man Eating Battas.

The man eating Battas of North Sumatra have a postal system. They make use of hollow tree trunks at cross roads, and these primitive letter boxes are largely patronized by young men and women, who read and write and correspond in a degraded native script, which is traced on palm leaves in serial lines that run upward and from left to right. These Battas, though unbridled cannibals, are skilled in agriculture and in raising stock. They form large communities, have an organized government, hereditary chiefs, popular assemblies and a written civil and penal code. Their picturesque dwellings have been compared to Swiss chalets, and the ground floor is reserved for their live stock. For their skill in ironwork, pottery and weaving they are probably indebted to Hindoo teaching, and their repulsive habit is combined with a belief in a trinue deity, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer.

Gentle Spring

with all its beautiful verdure is here at last. It is the time for the poet and also the

Plumbers'

How has your plumbing stood the long winter. Doesn't it need a spring overhauling same as the rest of your house? Better let us come and look it over. We'll put it right in a jiffy and be satisfied with a very moderate fee for our services.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, Ever Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is one of the most successful and best known preparations ever offered to the public. In all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Female Weakness, and when a reliable tonic is required it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SON, Roudout, N. Y.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Loy.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 cents, Druggists.

MILLER HARDWARE CO.

Successors to THE R. A. CONKLING COMPANY.

OLEAN'S LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHING STORE

WE FURNISH HOUSES FROM "CELLAR TO GARRET."

THIS WEEK'S "SPECIALS" ARE

Two 8-ft. Extension Tables, quartered oak, polished, regular price $22 Sale price $17.50

One 8-ft. Extension Table, quartered oak, polished, regular price $23 Sale price $18

One 8-ft. Pedestal Extension Table, quartered and polished, regular price $25 Sale price $20

One 8-ft. Pedestal Extension Table, quartered and polished, regular price $32 Sale price $25

One quartered oak Chamber Suit, regular price $35 Sale price $29

One quartered oak Chamber Suit, regular price $45 Sale price $35

One quartered oak Chamber Suit, regular price $88 Sale price $75

30 and 35c Mattings 20c per yd

27x63 Royal Axminster Rugs, worth $2.75 Sale price $1.98

8-ft. 3-in x 10-ft. 6-in Royal Axminster Rugs, worth $22 Sale price $18

ALL ORDERS OF $5 OR MORE, FREIGHT PREPAID

MILLER HARDWARE CO., OLEAN, N. Y.

Our Spring Stock

Is very large and new things coming in every day. Don't miss seeing the New Spring Novelties.

All the latest and most stylish things in Millinery for Easter. Exquisite styles in Pattern Hats. Elegant Ready-to-Wear Hats. Beautiful Silk Shirt Waist Suits. The new Blouse Cloth Suits. The swell Covert Jackets. The popular Rain Coat in swell styles. A new and beautiful line of Skirts. Handsome Silk Petticoats, all colors. Look at our new line of Laces.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

OLD MILL SOAP

To introduce, 8 bars for . 25c

Oak Leaf, Feis Naptha and Coal Oil Johnny's Petroleum Soap.
Grandpa's Wonder and Glycerine Tar Soap.
Ivory, Fairy, Good and Mystic White Soap.
Bon Ami, scrap, plain and perfumed, and Wrigley's Mineral Scouring Soap.
Gold Dust, Pearline, Babbitt's "1776" and Swift's Washing Powder.
Sal Soda, Arm & Hammer Washing Soda and Chloride of Lime.
Brooms, Brushes and Mop Sticks.

House Cleaning Time is Here. We Want Your Orders.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

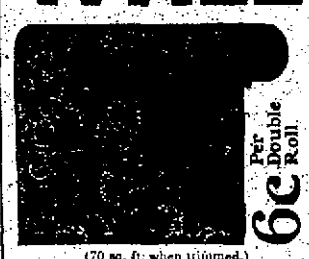
PEIHT & [illegible] me[illegible]t, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH HE

CANNED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD

WALL PAPER

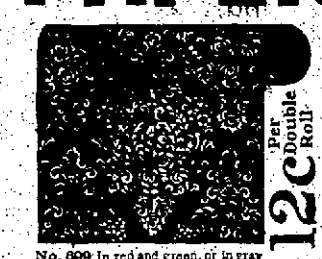
We are bound to suit everyone perfectly with our new 1905 designs and colorings for parlor, hall, sitting room, bed room, dining room, kitchen, and every other room in the house. Our 1905 selection is the handsomest you ever saw. And the best of it is that we sell you these beautiful, rich wall papers at the lowest prices they can be bought for anywhere in the world. You mustn't judge the quality of our wall paper by our low price. We sell no trashy papers; ours are all honest quality. From our endless selection for the season we show here four designs, as follows:



6c Per Double Roll

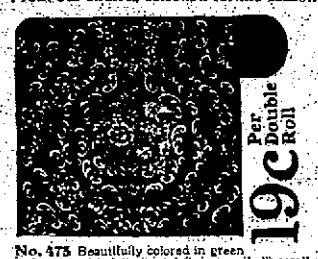
(70 sq. ft. when trimmed.)

No. 825 In tan or green effect, 9-inch border and ceiling to match, double rolls, also 6c



12c Per Double Roll

No. 809 In red and green, or in gray effect, 9 or 18-inch borders and ceiling to match, per double roll, also 12c



19c Per Double Roll

No. 475 Beautifully colored in green and cream with delicate pink flowers and gilt scroll. 18-inch border and ceiling to match, per double roll, also 19c

20c Per Double Roll

No. 454 Heavy gold embossed, rich parlor paper, in the wood shades of brown, cream and gilt, with pink roses, 9-in. border and ceiling to match, per double roll, also 20c

Order either of the above patterns, or write at once for our 1905 **Free Sample Book of Wall Papers,** showing you the actual paper, its true coloring and design, and quoting you the season's lowest prices. It contains full instructions for hanging wall paper. We can supply complete combinations, ceiling and border to match all our wall patterns; also independent ceilings, down to picture moulding, doing away with borders.

Don't buy a roll of wall paper till you get our free sample book and become posted on style, quality and price. Write for it today.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Michigan Avenue, Madison and Washington Streets Chicago

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905

Republican Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will reach Washington to-day after a pleasant hunting trip.

HON. J. C. SIBLEY has declared that he will not be a candidate for Governor and has declared himself in favor of John P. Elkin.

THE teamsters' strike continues in Chicago with little chance of a settlement. Rioting continues daily and many are being injured, aside from the large money loss to all concerned.

ANOTHER bank cashier has got away with a large bundle of money. E. H. Lewis, who has been missing from the Middleton, Mo., Bank, has been found to have been $62,000 short in his accounts.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Omaha, Neb., Pat Crowe, who made such a reputation by being recognized as the leader of the gang who kidnapped the Cudahy boy some four years ago, has made his appearance and wants to compromise with the authorities. This is good news. We thought Pat was lost forever.

A TORNADO swept through Southern Kansas, Monday night doing terrific damage to life and property. At Marquette one large section of the town was left in ruins and 26 persons are known to be dead and 44 are injured, 35 of which were seriously hurt and some of them may die. In the surrounding country many were injured and it is thought some were killed.

AT a recent banquet held in New York City President Roosevelt said of American men: "That man is the best American who has in him the American soul. Such a man fears not the strong and harms not the weak. He scorns what is base or cruel, or dishonest. He looks beyond the accidents of occupation or social condition and hails each fellow citizen as his brother."

A. B. SPEAR of the Oberlin bank, wrecked by Mrs. Chadwick, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years. The President of the same bank died of a broken heart, overwhelmed by the disgrace and ruin which followed his dealings with the woman financier. Safe business methods would have barred the door of the Oberlin bank against all classes of swindlers.—Bradford Era.

AT a meeting of the Democratic county committee which was held in Bradford last Saturday T. F. Hungiville of Smethport, and George C. Fagnan of Bradford, were elected delegates to the state convention, which will be held at Harrisburg, May 21. W. P. Walsh of Smethport, Democratic candidate for county commissioner, and G. A. Simpson of Derrick City, were chosen as alternates. It was decided to hold the county convention at Smethport Tuesday, July 25, and the primaries will be held the week preceding the convention.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., May 6, 1905.

Everything in Washington awaits the return of the President, who will be here on Friday. The fate of Minister Bowen, the measures to be adopted to remedy the Treasury deficit, the approval of various naval construction plans, the assignment of army officers and, probably, the investigation of certain charges against consular appointees. The Japanese Legation has made representations to the State Department with regard to French neutrality which it hopes the President will forward to France, and other diplomats are hoping, although without much reason, that the President may be able to do something toward the promotion of peace in the far East. President Roosevelt will be a busy man from the moment he reaches Washington, on the noon of May 12, until the morning of June 20, when he is scheduled to leave for his summer home at Oyster Bay. Incidentally there are numerous requests that he interfere in the Chicago teamsters' strike awaiting him at the White House. Some are from representatives of the strikers who want him to arbitrate, more are from excited citizens who want federal troops and lots of them, regardless of the fact that the President has no authority under the constitution to send troops into Illinois without the consent of that State, unless the property of the government is threatened with destruction. It is unlikely that the President will take any action in the premises.

One of the questions the President will consider in his less busy moments, and one of secondary importance only to the Treasury deficit, with which it is perhaps intimately related, concerns the advisability of adopting the "maximum and minimum tariff" system. This subject has long been discussed in a tentative way, but Germany has given it renewed impetus by its adoption of the system and its intention of applying the maximum, or "Autonomous," rates to imports from this country. The new tariff system in Germany will go into effect March 1, 1905. Some items of the new schedule are as follows: The present tariff on corn is 10 cents a bushel. The new rates will be 31 cents and 19 cents. The present rate on wheat is 23 cents. The new rates will be 41 and 36 cents. The present duty on flour is $1.65 per barrel. The new rates will be $4 and $3.17. The present duty on salt beef is $1.84 per 100 pounds. The new rates will be $6.55 and $2.92. It will be understood that of the new rates the lower or "conventional" rate will be assessed on imports which make reciprocity conventions with Germany, or which grant German imports some special privileges, while the higher rates will be charged on the imports from nations which grant Germany no such concessions. For many months, yes years, a reciprocity treaty with Germany has lain in the Senate committee on Foreign Relations untouched and there is no hope that it will ever be ratified. It is largely to punish the United States for this that the new tariff has been adopted. If, however, the United States had a maximum and minimum tariff it would be a simple process for the maximum rates collected on all goods "made in Germany" and it would not be long before Germany was proposing a convention which guaranteed to both nations the minimum tariff on imports from the other. Last year Germany imported bread stuffs from this country amounting to over $16,000,000 and provisions amounting to upwards of $31,500,000. It does not take much calculation to see what the loss of this trade would mean to the American farmer and livestock grower.

The difference between the minimum, or conventional, and the maximum, or autonomous, rates in the German schedules is considerably greater than any advocates of the duel system in this country deem wise, but the principle has many advocates and will doubtless have more in the near future. In 1903 Germany imported goods from the United States amounting in value to $222,414,000 and imported from Germany goods amounting to $111,026,000. Of course the United States enjoyed the best of this trade, but that only emphasizes the loss which the German trade would be to this country and it would seem that the maximum rates of Germany's new tariff are so high as to render absolutely impossible the importation of goods on which they are assessed. On the other hand, there is absolutely no way in which, under our present system, the United States can retaliate on Germany for this unjust discrimination, unless Congress were to enact a special law to be applied to Germany alone.

The tariff question is a perplexing one. Speaker Cannon insists that the tariff schedules cannot be altered at all without upsetting business and doing untold damage. On the other hand, Republican Senators present some strong reasons why the tariff should be readjusted. For instance, Senator Gallinger, who has long stood in the front rank of protectionists, has become convinced that it is imperative that the duty on steel should be reduced. It seems when the special Congressional commission appointed to investigate the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, was making its investigations last year, it found indubiable proof that American manufacturers were selling the steel plates used in modern ship building at a price of $24 per ton, transportation included, to ship builders on the Clyde. American ship builders, however, were compelled to pay $32 a ton for the same plates laid down in Cleveland. Under these circumstances it is obvious that the ship building industry and the merchant marine cannot be restored in this country. The competition is too one sided. Therefore Senator Gallinger believes the duty on steel must be lowered. Senator Aldrich is of the same opinion as is Senator Spooner. Others might be mentioned who hold the same view, but it is a question what the House will do and it is a problem which presents many complexities to the President who must take the initiative in his message to Congress, next October.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Subscribe for the MINER.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

Our Wall Paper Store.

Biggest, best and brightest assortment—patterns the most diversified, in colors running the whole color gamut. Every roll the product of a manufacturer of the better sorts—strong, durable and artistic.

We are waging a war of prices on our contemporaries—every day we are making it evident to scores that our prices are always the lowest in Olean. Last year we were congratulating ourselves, we thought we sold practically all the wall paper in town, perhaps we underestimated the amount bought or perhaps our values and patterns are more desirable this year, in any case we have sold, so far this spring twice as many rolls as last year.

That's our best price and quality argument.

The War Prices will be maintained until a time when our competitors cry "Enough."

HERE ARE THE LOW PRICES:

5c Paper	2c	Per Double Roll	
8c "	5c	" " "	
10c "	8c	" " "	
12c "	9c	" " "	
15c "	10c	" " "	
18c "	12c	" " "	
20c "	15c	" " "	
25c "	18c	" " "	
30c "	22c	" " "	
35c "	25c	" " "	
50c "	40c	" " "	
60c "	50c	" " "	

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND US.

When we quote only to 60c double roll. We can furnish you with any grade of high class Wall paper you want up to $5.00 per double roll.

OUR FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

is admired for exclusive designs and low prices.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

Go to E. W. Jones

and see his line of Farm Implements, Reapers, Mowers, Binders, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Binding Twine, Land Rollers, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows and Cultivators of all kinds, Hand and Horse Garden Tools, Buckeye Grain Drills, the best side hill Plow on the market, also Cambridge flat land Plows, Lawn Swings, Wagon Jacks, Page Woven Wire Fence.

International Stock Food and Heave Cure always on hand.

Fertilizers that will stand the test.

Heavy and Light Horses bought and sold.

New and second hand Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, etc., always for sale. In fact any thing you want call and see

E. W. JONES

THE LIVERY MAN

Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA.

Opp. Court House.

EASTER IS HERE

and Dean give you that new suit for $7.50 and up as high as $20.00.

I have the latest for the little fellow in light and dark colors at all prices.

EASTER NECKWEAR

for Men and Boys in everything that's new in color and popular shade.

SEE OUR NEW GLOVES

the swellest of the swell.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere. At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

Feb. 6, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

CARPETS MADE FREE. **THE LINDHOLM CO.** NEW TAN OXFORDS.

Wash Goods at Half Price

From the H. B. Claflin Sale.

The H. B. Claflin Company of New York placed on sale May 1st one million dollars' worth of Wash Fabrics. We secured some of the bargains and place them on sale Friday morning and until sold at these low prices:

10c Printed Batiste, yard **5c**

15c Organdies, floral designs, yard **8c**

20c Shirtwaist Suitings and Voiles, yard **10c**

25c Fancy Mohair Suitings yard **15c**

25c Mercerized Striped Organdies, floral designs, yard **13c**

New in our Hosiery Dept.--The Buster Brown Stocking for Boys and Girls

To introduce this stocking we give one pair free with every four pairs.

The Proof of the Paint is in Its Permanency....

The exposed side of a house will stand the ravages of weather and look fresh as long as the other parts of a building, if protected by

Sherwin-Williams Paint

The sunny side will not blister, the shady side will not chalk off. Wind will not affect the north side nor heat the south. The smooth, hard, glossy surface of Sherwin-Williams Paint is durable. It is both sun and weather proof. Prominent architects, builders and painters in all sections of the land endorse these statements.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Automobiled yet?

—Argument court convenes at 2 p. m. to-day.

—The automobile fever has certainly struck Smethport.

—E. W. Strong has a new advertisement in this issue.

—"Some Good Things" is the title of the Fry & Comes advertisement.

—Stylish ready-to-wear clothing is advertised by Wm. Monheimer in this issue.

—The new advertisement of The Lindholm Co. this week will be interesting.

—The Olean baseball team defeated Bradford by a score of 10 to 7 at Olean yesterday.

—F. F. Reggall has rented the Ramer farm of F. M. Windsor and is moving on the place to-day.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett has a new advertisement this week which will interest our lady readers.

—Bell Brothers, Olean, give some interesting prices on wall paper in their advertisement this week.

—Prof. O. A. Kilburn was re-elected county superintendent of schools of Potter county last week.

—H. N. Prill, the Bradford jeweler, has an advertisement in this issue which will interest prospective purchasers in his line.

—Nan Patterson has been offered $45,000 for a 30-weeks' engagement on the vaudeville stage. Such is the value of fame.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will meet on Thursday, May 18, with Mrs. Mary Hussey. All members are expected to be present.

—E. W. Strong has purchased a lot east of the residence of Sheridan Gorton on King street, where he will erect a home this summer.

—The Ladies Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale at Mrs. M. L. Bisett's store on Saturday, May 20, from 3 p. m. until everything is sold.

—It is time that our people commenced making preparations for the proper observance of Memorial Day in this place. Who will start this laudable undertaking?

—The Rev. Dr. A. C. Willey of the Methodist church will preach from the text, "Behold I Saw a Door Opened in Heaven" on Sunday next. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—Rev. James W. Richards of Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa., will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Thomas Byron of Bradford, who was seriously injured while riding a horse in New York last week, is on the road to recovery.

—The foundation for the new residence of M. J. Welch on Bank street is completed and work has been commenced on the building.

—Seymour Davis of Marvindale died Wednesday morning of heart failure. He was 45 years old and is survived by a widow and eight children.

—John Karlen has purchased a lot on Green street, where the old school house used to stand, and will erect a new residence there in the near future.

—Jimmy Britt defeated Jabez White in a 20 round contest at San Francisco last Friday night. Britt is now the lightweight champion of the world.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford will have a summer term at which you can take shorthand, bookkeeping, typewriting, arithmetic, algebra, etc.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons for the third Sunday after Easter will be "The Sin of Ananias and Sapphira" and "Marked Men."

—Charles E. Barr and Miss Henrietta Holts, both of Bradford, were married Tuesday afternoon in that place. The groom formerly lived in Smethport and has many friends here who will wish them happiness.

—A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Willey in the M. E. church chapel Tuesday evening at which many members of the church and friends attended. A very pleasant literary and musical program was rendered, light refreshments served and the evening was enjoyably passed.

—License court was held at the court house on Monday. Court called at 2 p. m. with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. There were very few remonstrances and the business was finished that afternoon. Judge Bouton reserved his decisions in all applications until this afternoon when the results will be made known.

—Foreman D. M. Brasted of the hose company has made the following appointments for the ensuing year: Nozzlemen—Corte Corwin, Harry Henderson, Lawrence Morrison, T. J. Cole, Claude Denning, Clarence Choate. Hosemen—E. E. Andrews, B. T. Garlick, E. W. Strong, J. W. Waife, Ross Knapp, Leo Digel, John Conley, Ward Raymer, Fred Hungiville, H. E. Tull. Laddermen—Bevier Eckert, Elmer Raymer, Harry Rubin, Joseph Mundy, Thos. Hartley. The balance of the company will act as fire police.

—A. Q. Scammon's "The Real Widow Brown" is the next attraction at the Lyceum, appearing May 22nd. The Cornell Co. in repertoire will be here the following week for three nights. This company drew packed houses when here early last fall as the Dilger-Cornell Co. and will no doubt be liberally patronized at this time also.

—The recital given at the Lyceum last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. J. C. Brown and her pupils on violin and piano, assisted by Mrs. Chapman and Miss Hinman, vocalists, drew an audience of appreciative listeners. The program as carried out was a delight to all and Mrs. Brown is to be congratulated upon the success of the occasion.

—A new automobile record was made last Saturday when Charles G. Wridgway of New York covered 1,000 miles over the Brighton Beach track in 25 hours, 50 minutes and 1 second. This beats the record made by Schmidt near Detroit last year by 4 hours, 3 minutes and 36 seconds. During the night the track was partly illuminated with calcium lights and Mr. Wridgway reduced the speed of his machine to avoid possible accident, but after daylight he went at top racing speed.

—Game Warden Conklin arrested Frank Alliots, an Italian, and unnaturalized, on the charge of carrying a gun through the woods without a license. Alliots was arrested near Hutchins and taken before Justice Gahagan of Mt. Jewett. He was fined $25 and costs, or $27 in all. The law forbids a foreigner who has not become a citizen of this country, carrying a gun in the hunting season through the woods. It is said that Alliots had shot birds and hunted on Sunday.—Bradford Record.

—Saturday afternoon Edwin, the eight-year-old son of Hon. J. W. Bouton, and Jack, the nine-year-old son of W. H. Morrison, came into this office and exhibited four trout, the shortest of which was nine inches long and the longest nearly 12 inches, which they had caught in Taylor brook, a little spring run a short distance northwest of town. Later in the afternoon they went back and caught one or two more. This is considerable better than their fathers did on Cole creek the day previous.

—At a meeting of the Smethport Hose Company last Friday evening it was decided to have a rousing Fourth of July celebration in Smethport. The committees have not yet been appointed nor other arrangements completed but it is safe to say that the hose boys will do all in their power to make it a success. A celebration is a good thing in many ways and the people generally should lend assistance to the firemen in every way possible. Next week we hope to give further details and perhaps publish a program of events.

—Among forms of gambling bridge has certain special features. It opens to many persons, especially women, an excitement, which they would not deem it right to seek in other kinds of gambling. The game has subsided slightly, if at all, in the larger cities, and is spreading rapidly in the country, where it brings the delights of dissipation to the humblest householder. Potent, indeed, is fashion. Many a bridge fiend would think it evil to play poker for money. In some games betting is a subsidiary attraction, but in bridge it is the basis of the charm, says Collier's.

—Don't let your friendship hide itself from your friends. Give them to understand that you are friendly. If they are not present when their interests are involved take up their cause and advocate it. When they need a boost give it to them. By that means you will help them to succeed and induce them to give you a helping hand should you require it. In the selection of your friends choose only those who may be depended upon. Avoid the insincere variety. They are no better than avowed enemies, and in some instances, not so desirable as the latter.—Ex.

Anyone wishing the services of an automobile driver or caretaker can secure a competent man by inquiring at this office.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Get your screen doors and windows at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

FUN! FUN!! FUN!!!

Let no innocent man escape, at the great

MOCK COURT TRIAL

under auspices of the

Traveller's Club

at the

LYCEUM THEATRE

Thursday Evening, May 25

One of our most respected citizens will be charged with breach of promise. Regular court rules. Startling developments. Ludicrous situations. Local hits. An evening of refined fun.

PRICES, - - 50 and 25c

Tickets on sale at H. C. Wells' drug store three days in advance.

Open at 7:30. Court called at 8.

FOR SALE.

4 horses; 20 cows; 1 lumber wagon; 2 four wheel harrows, $10 each; 1 steam threshing machine; 1 three horse tread with wood saw; 1 milk separator; 1 60 gallon churn; 1 Babcock milk tester.

For particulars inquire at A. E. Hecker's farm, P. O. Smethport.

Personal Mention.

J. H. Tate was down from Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

S. E. Bell and son, Donovan, were in Bradford Monday.

Sheriff Charles E. Mays had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. E. C. Dennison of Colegrove was visiting in town yesterday.

C. M. Slack of Eldred was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Claude Denning is spending the week with friends in Ithaca, N. Y.

John B. Eastman was a business visitor in Bradford last Saturday.

Mrs. Nina Rumsey left to-day for a visit with friends in Toledo, Ohio.

Dr. Rasey and Miss Learn of Eldred were Smethport visitors on Sunday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin returned Saturday from a business visit in Chicago.

Miss Pearl Oviatt left Tuesday for a visit with friends in Friendship, N. Y.

Mrs. E. Ryden and daughter have returned from a visit with friends in Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford are visiting their son, Roy Gifford, and wife in Chicago.

Mrs. John Forrest and daughter, Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, were visiting in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Effa Hinman of Hazelhurst visited at the home of her mother in this place Tuesday.

E. T. Newman, a student of Cornell University, is passing a few days with friends in town.

Mesdames D. M. Brasted and Sheridan Gorton returned last evening from a visit in Buffalo.

Frank and Dan Blomster of Kasson made the MINER a pleasant call while in town last week.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Commodore Cornelius, the little cigar manufacturer of Kane, was transacting business in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bowen and children of Eldred were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus over Sunday.

Col. M. M. Gillette and E. T. Newman saw the Bradford-Olean baseball game at the latter place yesterday.

O. D. Butterfield of Hulltown, Pa., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar were guests of Smethport friends the forepart of the week. On Tuesday Mrs. Provin installed the officers of the L. O. T. M. and "Billy" went fishing, bringing back 50 trout of full size.

Albert Servatius and E. E. Andrews left yesterday for Kane where they will play ball this season with the team from that place in the Interstate league. The many Smethport friends of "Buke" and "Bill" feel confident they will prove strong additions to Eichberger's team.

Do you wish a good form? If so wear

The Henderson Corset

We'll be glad to show you our different styles and the one most adapted to your figure. There is but one way to know that the HENDERSON is right—TRY A PAIR.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

City Store

The Clothes Dodger says:

Appear anywhere in an Outing Suit of mine and you will feel satisfied with all the world—providing you are particular about your appearance.

My Mark

Just mention my name to

Wm. Monheimer, Smethport

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 to $2.00.

FRY & COMES.

SOME GOOD THINGS CONSIDERABLY UNDERPRICED

Most people look to this store for the best and newest merchandise of the lowest prices. If you're not one at them better see about it to-day.

Mohair Petticoats

The nicest sort of underskirts. Light and cool, neatly finished with pleats, cords and ruffles. Brown, navy and black..... $5.00

Linen Shirt Waists

A handsome embroidered waist in pure linen..... $2.75

Shirt Waist Patterns

One of the biggest values we have ever had. A sufficient amount of fine white lawn with beautiful embroidered pieces for front and cuffs...90c, $1.25, $1.50

Colored Parasols

An all silk parasol for sun or rain. Three colors, red, green and navy, with assorted patterns of white embroidered borders, easily worth $2.50..... $2.00

Rainproof Suiting

An excellent cloth for rainproof coats, tailored suits and skirts. A handsome shade of tan, 56 inches wide..... $1.00

Mattings

We offer some excellent economic chances in good mattings by the roll of 40 yards, just about enough for two or three average rooms. Very pretty patterns in China and Japanese goods in reds, greens, blues and natural colors. The 25 and 28c grades by the roll, per yard..... 22c

Lace Curtains

All of our fine Nottingham curtains in the $3.50 grade, full length and width, a good assortment of patterns at, per pair...$2.75

Monarch Shirts

We have sorted out the patterns in which we have only a few left and for a quick clearance will sell The $1.00 grades at..... 75c The $1.50 grades at.. $1.15

Gents' Union Suits

The most comfortable sort of underwear imaginable. If you don't know it try them and be convinced. $1.00, $1.50, $2.50

FRY & COMES

CARPET SWEEPERS

of full size, handsome oak finish, high polish, fitted with good bristle, rubber tired wheels, has a practical dumping device of latest pattern, and solid rubber band around case, to prevent sweeper marring furniture.

A high grade sweeper at a low price.

Call and see them.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL**, BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

QUEEN'S CHOICE

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

Copyright, 1901, by D. C. MacLeod

The jester bowed low before the throne. The king extended a much be-jeweled hand. The jester bent over it reverently and slyly bit it. The queen laughed behind her fan and beckoned the clown to her side. He sank on the steps at her feet.

"This is my throne for tonight," he announced, gayly jingling his bells, "I shall surrender it to no one. For one night I shall speak only the plain, unvarnished truth, your majesty."

"One who would speak the truth, Sir Cap and Bells," replied the queen sagely, "must needs have some previous experience."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the king, beaming at the vision at his side. "Well said, my lady. Previous experience, Sir Fool."

Age laughed in the voice of the king; youth bubbled in the laughter of the jester. The queen unconsciously leaned on the arm next to the clown and closed her eyes for a moment, to rest them from the bewildering sight before her. To be queen of one of the most splendid Mardi Gras balls is something to turn a girl's head. But this one, to judge by her weary eyes—in spite of the magnificence surrounding her and in face of the king's open devotion—was bored. And the evening was only beginning.

The jester at her feet played with his bells and hummed "If Ever I Cease to Love" in time with the musicians far overhead. As he sang he watched the face of the queen. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Sir Fool," she said gently, "that air goes not with that get-up. Save your voice for 'Tell Me Pretty Maiden.'"

"Would she listen if I told her, think you?" he whispered eagerly. "There has never been but one pretty maiden for me, your majesty."

"A maid is but a maid," the queen retorted slowly, "and a man but a man, and love is but—"

"Everything," the jester interrupted seriously. "Love is all."

The king called the second time, and had to touch the arm of the queen before she broke him. Two strange princes stood waiting to be presented. Behind them came a train of Cupids, Lohengrins and monks, each bearing a tray of compliments. The queen's eyes were big and suddenly bright. The king sat with his fat hand on his heart and listened to her bandying repartee with each in turn. The jester's bells were silent. He was attentively studying the queen's pink nails on the hand resting on the vase of magnificent roses near the throne.

"You should have been a queen," the king announced ponderously as the last troubadour moved off.

"You were born a queen," the jester whispered eagerly.

"This splendor shall always be yours," the king continued in business tones. "Everything shall be yours that money can buy. But you were fitted for a real throne."

"Kind hearts are more than coronets," the jester sang softly to the air of "Under the Bamboo Tree." "And the truest throne is a throbbing heart, lady."

The queen frowned at him impatiently and turned to the king, who was presenting two foreign generals, ablaze with decorations. No, she was not dancing, she told them. The king couldn't dance, and it flattered him that she was so well content on the throne beside him. The incident was full of significance. He had wealth, social position, everything but her, and now it seemed that his patience was to be rewarded at last. What woman could hold out in such a fight? The queen sighed and brought him back to earth. He turned eagerly to her. She was looking far away. Her thoughts, even to a casual observer, were far removed from this crowded ballroom.

"You sighed, your majesty," he begged humbly. "You share my throne. Let me share your trouble, whatever it is."

The queen laughed merrily. The jester touched his bells.

"Margot!" he whispered eagerly. "Margot!"

The queen ignored the appeal. A merry crowd of troubadours were approaching, and she paid for their compliments with a fire of smiles and pretty speeches.

"If you would marry me," resumed the old king suddenly when the crowd departed with backward bows and obeisance and they were alone save for the jester, whom he did not see, "you shall be queen in a palace as beautiful as even you could desire."

"Margot!" entreated the jester. "Love is everything!" The queen frowned at him impatiently.

"Marry me," pleaded the old king hoarsely. "You are not one who can stand poverty. Your mansion shall be a palace; your jewels shall rival a queen's."

"Marry me," whispered the jester, catching hold of the hand behind the rose. "Today I bought a house, Margot. True, there are but four rooms in it, but no place could be half so dear. You could transform it into a home, Margot. I have no jewels but those of my love to give you, Margot, but you know that is true"—

"You shall cruise in a yacht on summer seas," continued the deaf old king, "and all Paris and London shall rave of your beauty and your splendor."

"We could slip off together to the park," whispered the jester, "to listen to the band on Sunday evenings. Don't you remember what you told me under those moss draped trees that night?" The queen toyed with her fan and sighed. "I love you! I love you!" I love you!" chanted the jester passionately.

"As my wife," resumed the king, "you will always be the queen of scenes like this." The eyes of the queen swept the house before her—fell upon fair or beautiful women in gorgeous gowns and jewels, men whose admiration and preference counted for a great deal, and, above all else, the atmosphere of wealth and culture and beauty. Could she afford to reject it all?

"I am old," the king continued sadly. "All that is left in life for me is you. Surely for the few years remaining—could you not share them with me? *Think*"—gently—"what it would mean—to you—afterward. I ask no love"—

"I am young," the jester whispered eagerly, "I love you. Things are beginning to change for the better with me. Can you afford to sell yourself, Margot, for gold? What are the king's millions to my love, Margot?"

Into the eyes of the queen a great light suddenly leaped, but she sighed again when she looked at the king. One by one the maskers were straggling up to say good night. Far overhead the musicians were playing again "If Ever I Cease to Love," the carnival air. The king bent eagerly forward for her.

"Shall I come for my answer tomorrow?" he asked ardently. Then, with fresh ardor, "You will not walk the world's way weeping when the coach-man bids you ride, your majesty?" he questioned pleadingly.

"My love," the jester's lips touched her hand—"if you choose the palace, who will keep my home?" The queen suddenly caught the clown's fingers with a thrilling grasp. Quick as thought he slipped a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

The king and queen had risen to depart.

"I shall come for my answer at 4 tomorrow," he reminded.

"Why, why not take it tonight?" the queen asked shyly. "I can never marry you, your majesty, because I am to wed another."

"To wed another?" the king faltered pitifully. "To—wed—another?"

"This is he, your majesty," the queen replied, turning to the jester.

"Think," the king pleaded. "Think"—

"The queen has thought," the jester announced in manly tones. And he knelt and kissed the cold hand of the king.

A Cheerful View.

When Ozias Ransome of Potterville saw the bill rendered by the physician who had ministered to his ills for three days in New York he puckered his lips and gave a shrill whistle.

"My stars, Ozi, you aren't going to give that man any such sum of money as that, now, are you?" demanded his wife, with much spirit. "You know it's extortion—you know"—

But, to her chagrin, Mr. Ransome placed his hands in his pockets and tipped back the hotel chair in a position that indicated peace of mind.

"Now, see here, Emory," he said tranquilly, "I didn't sense it at first, but when *you consider that* in Potterville I'd have had to be sick most six months to run up a bill o' that size we've got something to be thankful for that I was took with that spell here 'stead of at home."

Mrs. Ransome pressed her hand to her forehead.

"But supposing you had only been sick those three days at home, and"—she began with a bewildered air, finding small comfort in her husband's reasoning—"why, then"—

"We've no need to suppose," said Mr. Ransome, with cheerful firmness. "We've got to take the decrees of Providence jest as they come. You dwell on the thought of my being saved six months in bed right in the heat o' summer."

Much More Powerful.

Professor Smith was once lecturing on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object."

"Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose old Johnny Sowerby.

Said he: "I will give you facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me fourteen miles on Sunday over plowed land no matter what wind or weather there was. There was no resistin' her. That magnet o' yourn is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betsy Maria!"

A Russian Custom.

"That man," said the photographer, "owes me $20 for a dozen cabinets. I wish I dared to treat him as he would be treated in Russia."

"In Russia if you don't pay your photographer's bill he hangs your picture in his window upside down. Every Russian photographer's window has five or six of these reversed pictures in it, and there is always a little crowd of people outside craning their necks and saying:

"'Oh, that is Vasili Popoffsky. Won't he be ashamed!' And look at Anna Olinsky. You'd think she'd be able to pay.' 'Is that Senia Gogol there? It certainly is. What a pity!'

"Russian photographers, thanks to this unique method of theirs, have few unpaid bills. If only their method was in use here!"—Chicago Chronicle.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

TOURING IN RUSSIA.

The Difficulties of One Who Cannot Speak the Language.

Nijni Novgorod, where the great Russian fair is held, far on toward the frontier of Asia, I found the most difficult proposition in all Europe from the standpoint of the traveler seeking rest and refreshment. I knew only one word in Russian, "vodka," and one can pronounce that too often. Nobody seemed to speak anything but Russian. I could not get a cabman to take me to a hotel. One isvoschic after another would pick me up, seem to understand and then take me to a shop, a steamship pier, a private residence. I was reduced to the humiliating necessity of making pictures of hotels, beds and food of all sorts—and quite without avail. At last, bethinking myself that the trade of Russia was in German hands, I started out afoot in search of any mercantile looking person with close cropped blond beard and spectacles. Such a man I found, and he directed me in Germani to a traktir, where I had breakfast with the aid of *more crude cartooning*. "Coffee" is good Volapük, and the waiter understood me at once, but I had to sketch a number of elliptical figures in my notebook and finally make a spirited drawing of the common or garden hen before he knew I wanted "eggs."

For dinner that night I went to a restaurant overhanging the Volga. It is one of my most baffling memories of travel that when in my thirst I made the sign of drinking and pointed to the river the waiter lowered a bucket out of the window into the stream and brought it to me filled with rich brown water.—New York Mail.

THE MUD DAUBER WASP.

She Entombs Living Spiders as Food for Her Young.

When summer warmth has awakened the maternal instincts of the insect world the mud dauber wasp may be seen gathering mortar at the margin of stream, pool or puddle. Filling her mandibles, which serve as both spade and hod, she bears the load of mud to some rough surface, rock or wall or board or beam. She spreads and shapes her mortar until, after many visits to the mud hole, she has built a tubular cell about an inch long and three-eighths of an inch wide.

Then her huntress instinct awakens and her raids upon the spider realm begin. For within this cylinder the mother mason will put a single egg. In course of time this will hatch into a ravenous larva whose natural food is living spiders, and these the mother proceeds to capture and entomb within her mud dam nursery. On this errand she may be seen hawking over and near cobwebs of various sorts, venturing within the nicely and beaded snares that prove fatal to most incomers and sometimes even to herself. If the occupant, expectant of prey, sallies forth to seize the intruder, it finds itself a captive, not a captor. The wasp shakes the silken filament from wings and feet, turns upon the spider, seizes and stings it, bears it to her cell and thrusts it therein.—H. C. McCook, in Harper's Magazine.

Old Man of the Mountain.

The title "Old Man of the Mountain" was first applied to Hassan Ben Sabbal, who founded a formidable dynasty in Syria A. D. 1090. He was the prince or chief of the sect of the Mohammedans. Having been banished from his country, he took up his abode in Mount Lebanon, gathered around him a band of followers, who soon became the terror alike of Christians, Jews and Turks. They paid the most implicit obedience to his commands and believed that if they sacrificed their lives for his sake they would be rewarded with the highest joys of paradise. For 200 years these "Assassins," as they called themselves, continued to be the terror of the country. Whenever their chief, the "Old Man of the Mountain," considered himself injured he dispatched some of his assassins secretly to murder the aggressor. This is the origin of our use of the word assassin for a secret murderer.

Ills We Might Have.

A famous writer said: "Man in general, or, as it is expressed, on the average, does not live above two and twenty years, and during these two and twenty years he is liable to two and twenty thousand evils, many of which are incurable. Yet even in this dreadful state men will strut and figure on the stage of life. They make love at the hazard of destruction and intrigue, carry on war and form projects just as if they were to live in luxury and delight for a thousand ages."

A Need in Schoolmasters.

We should like to see a regulation that every schoolmaster before the age of thirty should for one full year at least be banished from the school world and from the academic life even if for that year he had to work as a navvy, a sailor or a commercial traveler. The man who, being educated, only knows what life is will never take too narrow a view of the school course.—London Post.

Enjoy What You Have.

Don't worry about your health. Keep in good condition and get as much fresh air as you can. People who are always puttering over themselves are like misers—they don't enjoy what they have.—Boston Traveler.

A Hard Worker.

Stimson—Willie, they tell me you have the reputation of being the worst boy in school. Willie—Yes, father, and I can tell you I didn't get it without a struggle.—Life.

An Englishwoman married to a foreigner takes the nationality of her husband.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HENRI MURGER'S COATS.

It Is Hard to Say In Which He Was the More Miserable.

A pleasant incident of the penurious days of Henri Murger, the author of the famous "Vie de Boheme," is related by a French writer. Murger when in the extreme of poverty was one day invited to a party at the house of a publisher at which it was of great importance that he should be present. Unfortunately he possessed only one suit of clothes, which was in the last stage of shabbiness. He therefore appealed to a friend who gloried in the possession of two black coats—one old, the other new—to lend him one. The friend, not overwillingly, lent him the old one. It was too small for him and very shiny at the seams, but by a liberal use of ink he managed to make it pass muster and attended the party. Unfortunately the friend was there, too, and in great anxiety over his coat followed Murger about the room with such remarks as "Don't stand so upright. You will split my coat," or "For heaven's sake, mind what you are doing with that coffee. You are splashing it all down the front of my coat."

Shortly afterward a similar occasion arrived. Murger determined that nothing should make him apply for the same coat. Accordingly he went to another friend and related the whole circumstance. This friend willingly lent him a new black coat which fitted admirably. But matters were not improved after all, for the lender was at the party and followed Murger every where, exclaiming in tones of audible good nature: "Do just what you like with my coat, old man. Tear it right up the back or cover it with grease—just as you like. I shall never say a word. Only too delighted to lend it to you."

A WONDERFUL MONSTER.

Description of a New Battleship In the Seventeenth Century.

Is it true that our ram battleships are but old inventions in new forms? It looks like it. Some one has unearthed a curious announcement which appeared in the Mercurius Politicus for Dec. 6, 1653, to the effect, as stated by the Dundee Advertiser, that "the famous monster called a ship built at Rotterdam by a French engineer is now launched." In a description of the vessel its capabilities are thus detailed: "(1) To sail by means of certain instruments and wheels (without masts and sails) as swift as the moon or at least thirty miles every hour. (2) Both ends are made alike, and the ship can be stopped at pleasure and turned as easily as a bird can turn. (3) In time of war it can with one bounce make a hole under water in the greatest man-of-war as big as a table and in an hour's time will be able to sink fifteen or sixteen ships and in three or four hours will destroy a whole fleet. (4) She will be able to go to the East Indies and back again in eight or nine weeks. (5) She may be used to kill whales in Greenland, so that a hundred ships may be laden in fourteen days. (6) She may be used to break down any pier or wooden work with great ease."

A wonderful "monster" this must have been. What one is curious to know, was her fate?

Fling Out Your Sunshine.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, encouragement instead of discouragement, and to feel conscious that even the newsboy of the bootblack the car conductor, the office boy, the elevator boy, or anybody else with whom one comes in contact gets a little dash of sunshine! It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to a conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely. The more you give the richer you will grow.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Long Lived Carp.

The ordinary carp, if not interfered with, will, it is said, live 500 years. There are now living in the Royal aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be over 600 years old, and it has been ascertained in a number of cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. A gentleman in London has had an ordinary goldfish for fifty-three years, and his father informed him that he had purchased it over forty years before it came to the present owner's possession.

The "King's English."

The following appeared as a London coster tailor's advertisement:

"A slap up togs and kicksies builder, with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, with moleskins of hanky-panky design, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kicksies cut peg top, hair tight or to drop loose over the trotters, with fancy vests made to flash the dickey or to fit tight round the scrag."

Comforting Him.

"And now," whispered the lover as he caught her in his arms, "what shall we do about the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Don't worry about it," replied the eloping damsel. "Papa said he'd pull it up again so I couldn't get back."

Not Reliable.

Daughter—Jack promised that if I accepted him he would mend his ways. Her Mother—Humph! I haven't much faith in this repairing done while you wait.

The cloudier the day, the sunnier should be your smile.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of med cine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank C. Harris.
Auditor General—S. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Members of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—F. Bell Hartpunt.
Recorder—H. M. Chandler, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Wilcox, Smethport.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Eggleston, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostermuller, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hugbery, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. P. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gibson
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Argle, treas., Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. L. Coe, W. H. Ridder.
Judges of Election—G. H. Ayres.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 385, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GUY B. MAYO, W. M
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
CHAS. BUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. B. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. E. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. LUDLUM, Comd.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGGS, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kenis Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIBBEE, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOPPER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Garland R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 22, week days 10:10 a. m
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points O ean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, ottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15, p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:22 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:55 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:31 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. (week days 10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:55 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled parlor cars, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Williamsport, passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.	Lv	Ar P. M.
2:20	Ridgway	11 50
2:30	Johnsonburg	11 40
2:56	Glen Hazel	11 15
3:07	Straight	11 04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith Run	10:52
3:30	Woodvale	10 45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P. M		A. M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:45 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 22, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Rockdale, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:10 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:25	1:45	6:50
Mt. Jewett	8:48	1:42	6:18
Kane	9:25	4:20	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:05	2:00	4:35
Kane	7:05	11:00	4:05
Mt. Jewett	7:30	11:35	5:10

Arriving at Smethport at 8:47 a. m., 1:10 p. m. 3:40 p. m and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie B. R. & P. Rs; and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Jan. 15, 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.); Bradford (arr. 8:40 a. m.); Kane (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Johnsonburg (arr. 8:30 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 8:50 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:05 a. m.); Rockdale (arr. 10:30 a. m.); and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:50 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.), and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:00 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:30 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:37 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:58 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 4:50 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:00 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. JANE, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS,	Lv. Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:33	2:10	Croswell	7:27	2:32	9:10
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter	0	2:34	9
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:20
7:37	6:45	1:50	Newfield June	7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:50
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:55	9:57
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:0
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudsport	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp Ar	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,			P.M
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:37
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:53
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:49	2:45
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
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The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Thos. Lemmler, Smethport, Pa

NOT FOUND WANTING

By KATE M. CLEARY

Copyright, 1896, by Kate M. Cleary.

"You know, of course, that France Delamere is staying at the Oaks?"

"Yes, I know."

Harrison Hill, stretched out on the yellow beach under the shade of a huge umbrella, turned on his elbow and looked curiously at his friend.

"You know, too, that you're most idiotically in love with her!" he said quietly.

Dr. Bergen's patrician face flushed hotly under its deep bronze tan. "That's a nice speech to fire at a man!" he commented.

Harrison Hill laughed leniently. "Oh, you never mind what I say. That's one of the privileges of friends"—

"And fools," cut in Bergen coolly.

"You have me there," acknowledged Hill. "I believe those who wore the motley were permitted to express their opinions with some frankness. Well, you may class me with those if you wish. But I'm going to tell you straight that you're making a mistake about that girl. You admired her tremendously last winter in the city. Well, we all did, for that matter. But you had the best show of the bunch. She wouldn't look at a little three-for-a-cent chap like me, for instance. And you held off—you're holding off now. I wish I knew why! You're in love with her!" he repeated stubbornly. "I haven't known you all my life for nothing."

Max Bergen laughed uneasily and evaded a direct reply.

"Miss Delamere is a very beautiful young woman," he said. "She has wealth, social position, many friends"—

"You have all those," his friend insisted eagerly.

"I met her frequently last winter," went on the young surgeon. "She was always bediamonded, exquisitely costumed, perfectly coiffured. Her shoulders were like white marble, and her hands were the loveliest a man could look at. But there is a world of heart under that fair breast, do you

"FRANCE DELAMERE!" HE CRIED.

feel, ever go on an errand of mercy? Was that perfect hand ever extended in kindly deed? I doubt it."

"Ah, so that's the reason!" said Hill. "Well, I can't prove it, but I think you're tremendously mistaken."

"I wish to heaven you could prove it!" said Bergen, with an intensity that shook him. "I'd give ten years of my life to know France Delamere is what I wish to believe her!"

"Hark!" cried Harrison. His red head was lifted—listening. "Yes," he called, "Dr. Bergen is here!"

Both men were on their feet in an instant. Bergen towering over his companion. An excited group was bearing down on them. The foremost—a hysterical woman—spoke.

"It'll take so long to go up to the town. Dr. Frees is away anyhow. A woman's burned—a gasoline stove—we seen the fire in the back yard, and"—

Bergen tossed his keys to Hill. "Run up to my room for my medicine case and follow me. Where did the accident happen?"

The woman knew him for one of the rich city guests at the White Horses.

"Maybe you won't go," she whined. "It's over in Washerwoman's row."

Bergen was off on a run. He knew the poor part of this flourishing summer resort, where the laundry work of visitors was done by resident women. The little creature who met him at the gate of the frame cottage had an appealing face and an air of singular refinement. Her speech also confirmed the latter impression.

"She would put on one of my cotton dresses and help me," she explained. "She knew I was up with the baby all last night. Not that it's the first time she has helped, and"—

"But how did it happen?" he interrupted hastily.

"Fannie was sprinkling the clothes and laughing. She didn't know how to iron. But she said she could mind Teddie and do that at the same time."

"And the stove exploded?"

"Not right away, sir. I was ironing, and she noticed the stove was smoking—hard. Teddie had crawled up close to it. She just flew across the kitchen, tossed the child to me and grabbed up that stove—it's one of those little ones you put on the table. She carried it and flung it out in the yard, but just as it left her arms it went to pieces. It's a mercy," she added trembling, "it didn't explode an instant sooner!"

"She was a brave woman!" said Dr. Bergen.

He went into the small bedroom to look at his patient. She was lying on the cheap little bed. A print gown showed marks of fire, and at the left arm the flimsy material was burned away. The flesh revealed was badly scorched, but that lovely head! The bewitching face that, drawn with pain, strove to smile up at him! Those deep, unforgetable eyes!

"France Delamere!" he cried.

"Women are so awkward!" she protested—and laughed!

He jerked off his coat and went to work, but his fingers trembled, and there was a queer blur before his eyes. Hill came up with the bag and heard all that Greta Fallows had to say. On his way back he told his companion what she had said.

"She's a proud little woman. She would not take all that Miss Delamere would have given her, for she's poor, as you can see. But because they had been friends and neighbors when both were children she has allowed Miss Delamere to come and help her, chiefly in taking her children off to a secluded part of the beach and minding them, while she got through her laundry work. Is the injury bad, Max?" he ended anxiously.

"Nothing to what it might have been, thank God! They will bring her back to the Oaks this evening. I examined the stove. It was rotten—worn out. She saved the baby—all! But it"— He broke off shuddering.

"According to Mrs. Fallows, France's kindness to her is only part of what she's been doing for many poor women. So your opinion"—

"May God forgive me—and may she!" prayed Max Bergen. It was not professional, but next morning when he bandaged the poor arm he bent and kissed it.

"Will you be very angry if I tell you that I love you?" he questioned.

She sniffed up at him from her couch.

"I'm afraid I would be very disappointed if you were never to tell me that!" she said.

At the whispered words his face grew radiant.

"But you don't know what has kept me so long from telling you! You don't know—what an idiot I was! You've no idea what I—I thought!"

A smile flickered around her mouth and lingered in her eyes. She laid velvety pink finger tips against his lips.

"I know what you have just said," she answered, "and that is—enough."

Buried According to Religions.

An ancient custom still prevailing in many old burial grounds was described by a Richmond gentleman who has been interested in tracing family records.

"When my wife and I were in Y.," he said, "we had occasion to visit the graveyards of the quaint little town, many of my wife's people being buried in the neighborhood. It struck me as queer, finding similar names in all three graveyards. Scattered here and there they were, but always alike.

"I puzzled over it for a long time and finally asked the sexton. He was an old, old man and remembered away back to the beginning of things. 'I can tell you,' he said, wagging his gray head solemnly. 'It was customary in old times to divide families according to their religious beliefs. If husband and wife were Methodist and Baptist in life, after death the husband's grave was placed near some Methodist brother, while the wife's body went hunting for her Baptist sisters. In that way the families were scattered hither and yon, and the same name occurred perhaps five or six times in one graveyard.'"—Lewiston Journal.

His Tenderness.

The London Chronicle tells this story. She was a dreadful wreck when they brought her in to St. Bartholomew's hospital. The youthful surgeon worked away upon her face with sponges and plaster and cotton wool, wondering aloud how she could have got into such a state. Clearly the woman had something to say, but she could not say it. When the surgeon had made a job of it he gently lifted the woman over his arm and asked, "How did it happen?" She raised a fist to shake over his shoulder and cried furiously: "'E done it! 'E done it—'im!" Turning his head, the surgeon could see the man, who had been standing just under the flaring gas jet and watching the proceedings with the interest of a landed proprietor at a building operation. "The brute!" muttered the surgeon as he shifted the woman to her feet. She turned on him. "Brute!" she shrieked through her bandage. "You call 'im brute? And after he brought me all the way 'ere in 'is arms, bless 'im!"

Changed His Tune.

It was one Sunday morning in a Scotch kirk when the door was left open during service that a lamb that had lost its mother strayed into the church and began to disturb the congregation by its mournful cries and bleats. The minister leaned over his desk, woke the clerk, who sat below, and whispered to him in audible tones, "Sandy, remove that lamb." Sandy accordingly proceeded to catch the lamb, and when, after an exciting chase around the kirk, he had got it safely by the scruff of the neck he led it down the aisle, calling to it in the gentlest tones all the way, "Coom alang, my wee lammie, coom alang." The door was reached at last and quickly shut, but those of the congregation who were near that end of the kirk heard a scuffle and an angry voice saying, "Get out of the hoose of the Laird, ye brute!"

THE POSTAGE STAMP

HOW IT IS MADE BY UNCLE SAM'S EXPERT WORKMEN.

The Manufacturing Process From the Engraving of the Steel Die to the Finished Gummed, Pressed and Perforated Printed Sheet.

The first mechanical process in the manufacture of a postage stamp is the cutting, or engraving, of the die. This is a piece of steel of the finest quality, on the polished surface of which a man slowly and patiently cuts, line by line, the portrait or other emblem which has been adopted for this particular stamp. A steel engraving is what is called an incised plate—that is, every line which is to show in the finished print is cut into the surface instead of being left in relief, as in wood engraving.

The die which the engraver cuts is a "negative," in other words, a reversal of the design which the stamp will show. The reason for this soon becomes apparent.

When the die is finished and proofs show it to be satisfactory it is hardened and fixed in the bed of a powerful press. Over it is then passed a steel roller, the circumference of which is several times, perhaps four times, the diameter of the die. Immense pressure is applied, so that every line on the surface of the die is impressed upon the surface of the roller as many times as the circumference of the roller is larger than the area of the die. In this way four perfect copies of the die are reproduced on the roller, but reversed. Each of these impressions is a "positive."

This roller is now hardened in turn in order that it may transmit the impressions once more, this time to the plate from which the actual printing is to be made. This plate is also of steel. The size is sufficient to print a whole sheet of stamps—from 200 to 300—at a single impression.

Into the surface of this plate the impression on the roller is forced by great pressure, once for each stamp in the subsequent sheet, and then the plate is hardened. These impressions are negatives, of course, as they come from the steel die. Upon this plate will be positives.

The remaining work is preliminary work is done. In the first place, the plate is carefully cleaned and a single impression, bearing the vast multitude of stamps, is struck off. In the second place, a sheet of paper is run over the plate, leaving on that the lines are in relief instead of being incised, and in the third place, it would not be feasible to have several dies or a large number of them engraved, both because the expense would be prohibitive and because no two would then be absolutely alike. The present system makes it certain that every stamp of a certain lot is exactly like every other of the same lot—a great safeguard against counterfeiting.

When three printing plates have been made they are all fastened to the bed of a special printing press. When the machinery is started the first plate is inked, then automatically wiped, until it is like a mirror. The wiping removes all the ink except what clings in the lines of the 200 duplicate engravings which dot the surface.

Over the plate is laid a sheet of dampened paper, the plate is slightly warmed in order to permit the ink to swell, and heavy pressure is applied. Meanwhile the second plate is receiving its ink, and then the third comes into play, so that, although all three are on the same press, each is at a given moment undergoing a different process from either of the other two. This has wrought a great saving of time over the old process of printing by hand. When the printed sheets are dry they go to the gumming machine, in which they pass between a dry roller on one side and one moistened with mucilage on the other. From these rollers they are cast out, wet side up, upon an endless web, which carries them through a steam heated box.

They come out dry, ready for the perforations, which permit them to be torn apart easily. These are very easily made by passing the sheets between one cylinder studded with steel pins and another perforated with holes to match the pins. The two together act like the jaws of a conductor's punch.

The last process is pressing the sheets by hydraulic power to counteract the tendency to curl, which is imparted by the mucilage.

The printing of stamps, like the printing of gold and silver certificates and bank notes, is subject to the most careful and constant inspection.

Every sheet of paper is counted before it is delivered to the printer, and before he goes home at night he must return exactly the same number of sheets, either of perfect stamps or spoiled paper, and to "seconds" or samples are given away to visitors.—Edward Williston Frentz in Youth's Companion.

The Elephant's Eye.

"To my mind two things strike the observer vividly when standing close to wild elephants in their native haunts," writes a traveler. "The one is the gigantic size and his own comparative smallness. The other is the expression of the eye. This organ, which is surprisingly small in proportion to the size of the animal and set far back in the head, is of a pale blue color much resembling that of a wall eye in a horse. Even when an elephant is at rest his eye has an uncomfortably cold and sinister look."

The regard one shows economy is like that we show an old aunt who is to leave us something at last.—Shenstone.

Their Scarlet Thread

By KEITH GORDON

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In his heart of hearts the handsome young principal of the high school sometimes characterized the young people under his charge in highly unprofessional language as "little beasts." Teaching was by no means his vocation, but simply a compulsory grace by which he hoped to obtain two coveted years of study at Heidelberg.

He did so now with a viciousness that would have horrified their parents, for as he and Miss Comyng entered one of the smaller recitation rooms to look at a globe they were confronted by their own names scrawled upon the blackboard and bristling with the canceled letters common to both. By counting first the canceled and then the remaining letters to the formula "Friendship, love, indifference, hate," the youthful tormentors had discovered and duly published to the world that Miss Comyng's feeling for him was a compound of friendship and indifference, while his own for her was unadulterated love.

But this was not all. Lest the inscription should by any means escape the attention of its objects, wittingly scrawled beneath it was the admonition, "Change the name and not the letter, and you change for worse and not for better."

Cartright glanced at his companion swiftly. He devoutly hoped she was not one of those awkwardly sentimental young women who blushed and quivered at occurrences of this sort, thereby giving him an uncomfortable feeling that possibilities hovered in her mind.

But this time he need have had no fear. Miss Comyng took the matter much more coolly than her predecessor had done under similar circumstances. She faced the sprawl in amicable with puckering brows, then transferred her gaze openly to his face and laughed outright at the dawning look of relief she surprised there, and when she spoke it was with a great demureness.

"I don't mind a bit embarrassed," she remarked. "No one, I'm sure, need feel ashamed of feeling friendship and indifference for a colleague. But candidly"—her tone changed and became frank and matter of fact—"isn't it amazing that in all those young heads from which the pigtails are still dangling as well as the clipped and rumpled ones on the other side of the room, the romantic idea should be dominant? You and I, being neither very old nor very ugly"—her lips twitched—"will play the leading roles in a living drama for the next few months. One hundred and twenty pairs of keen eyes will be watching us daily, awaiting some sign of our admiration for each other. It's—it's simply appalling!"

"Appalling!" he echoed. "I should say it was—and some of them are still in the stage where they spell future with a 'ch' and busy with an 'i'. But I don't mind if you don't," he added magnanimously.

She was sitting on the arm of one of the chairs in a thoroughly girlish but rather unfinished attitude. Cartright noticed with satisfaction that her teaching had not sunk in as yet.

"Mind? No! Why, it's as good as a play. Now, if you'll come into my room to speak to me during a recitation, especially if you should happen to smile at me, the air becomes electric with meaning. Minnie telegraphs Jennie a swift 'Did you see that?' and even the hulking, overgrown boys who have been sitting like bumps upon logs arouse to something like life."

"I've half a mind to show you something I found on the floor today," she remarked slowly, and from the bag at her side she took a slip of paper and held it out to him. "It's extremely flattering to you, any way."

He looked at the slip. "I bet she's in love with him" was written in a wabbling, unformed hand. "I don't see how she can help it, he has such fearful fires in his dark eyes. They're just like Rochester's."

There was a moment's silence, and then the two young instructors broke into a roar of laughter that wiped out the last sense of strangeness between them.

"Now that you know that I know, and I know that you know," was Cartright's somewhat involved explanation, "I don't see any reason why we can't be friends. Nothing that those young cubs do can possibly make us shy. We'll show them that the thread of romance doesn't run through every friendship between a man and a woman."

"As the scarlet thread through every bit of rope used by the British navy," she supplemented saucily, and then the talk reverted to school matters.

But the pupils of the Central High school were not slow to discover that there was a new ease and understanding between the incoming teacher of algebra and physiology and the principal whom every girl in the room secretly raved over.

Once Jennie Bascom met them walking in the park, and notwithstanding the fact that on this occasion they were deep in the discussion of pedagogy she described the meeting to Minnie Brown, her chum, the next morning somewhat after this fashion:

"They didn't even see till I was close to them they were so interested in each other. Her cheeks were all pink—you know how lovely she looks with the color shining through that down on her face—and he was looking at her, and his eyes were shining with a great happiness." Here Jennie dropped dreamily into the words of her latest novel—"And words of love fell from his lips."

"But how do you know? You didn't hear them, did you?" demanded the practical and unimaginative Minnie.

"Hear them!" was Jennie's scornful retort. "There are some things you don't have to hear to know them. I'll bet you that he was proposing to her, just wait—and watch the third finger of her left hand."

But, though they waited and watched with a patience that deserved reward, the tapering fingers of Ruth Comyng's left hand remained unadorned. Had they shown any sign of a misunderstanding all might have been forgiven; but, on the contrary, they were apparently the best of friends, and Minnie Brown formed a mean habit, twitting Jennie like this: "Yes that will happen just about the time that that ring appears on Miss Comyng's left hand!" And poor Jennie was forced to listen in silence, for had she not asserted positively that words of love were falling from his lips? She was conscious of a fearful disappointment with life, and she watched this unaccountable hero and heroine with bitter, resentful eyes.

Meantime the school year drew toward its close, and Cartright, with a dancing heart, saw his dream of two years at Heidelberg about to materialize into a real experience.

"Think of it," he said to Miss Comyng as they rowed upon the little lake in the park one dusky spring evening, "after June 15 I'm free. Then, ho, for the vaterland! No more refractory boys, no more pert, half fledged girls, no more tinkling of bells, no more wasting of life and energy on a life I'm utterly unfit for—no more chalk, no more Latin"—

He paused abruptly, as if some unexpected thought had arrested him, and, trailing his oars, he looked curiously at her. She, too, appeared abstracted, but she aroused herself and smiled. "Well?"

"I've had an awful thought," he resumed soberly. "It never occurred to me until this moment, but don't you see—there'll be no more you, either. And I've got so accustomed to you, you know."

His face showed a puzzled amazement that this should be so, and the girl opposite gave a little breathless laugh. She, too, was in a state of certain weak consternation, but the heart that fluttered was young and had given her. They had been the very best of friends and companions, but was that any reason why she should feel a quick, overwhelming sense of desolation at the mere mention of his going away?

Cartright rowed on absently, mechanically. Then, as the dusk melted softly into darkness, he made for the shore. The girl opposite him was a mere blurred shadow. The boat poked its nose into the shore, and he jumped out. The action seemed to shake off the benumbing amazement that had fallen upon him, and in its place came a great, glad certainty.

He held out a hand—two hands, in fact—to help Miss Comyng ashore, and as she put hers into them he murmured, "My dear, my dear—it's the scarlet thread after all!"

Napoleon and Beet Sugar.

Although the great Napoleon was not the sort of man whom it was ordinarily safe to laugh at, he was ridiculed and caricatured on account of his faith that sugar could be made profitable from beets. In 1811 the emperor promised the French people that they should have sugar from beets if he excluded from France the commerce of England, including the sugars of the British West Indies. This promise led to the publication of a caricature in which the emperor and his little son, the king of Rome, were represented. The emperor was shown sitting in his boy's nursery, squeezing a beet root into a cup of coffee. The baby prince sat near him hard at work sucking a beet root, while the nurse, standing close by, was represented as exclaiming, "Suck it, dear, suck it; your papa says it is sugar!" This biting sarcasm did not prevent Napoleon from spending several million francs at a time when his empire was under a tremendous strain of expenditures in bounties for sugar made from beets.

Pride of Profession.

Old Barney Magilgan was as well known on his "sweep stretch" as the bluecoats on the beat. As his work became somewhat burdensome with the increase of years the residents of the neighborhood urged the employment of an assistant.

Barney did not look upon the suggestion with favor. It savored too strongly of the time when he should be "laid on the shelf"—but he consented to the trial of a new hand at last, and a stout youth was engaged whose broom made quick work of the leaves and litter.

"Yes, sir," Barney admitted reluctantly a few mornings later when asked by an old friend if he did not find his assistant a good worker—"yes, sir, there's no denying he's got the muscle to swing a broom in the open; but, man alive, when it comes to the fancy touches round a lamp post or a sewer mouth, why, he's no good at all!"

Wellington as a Wit.

Although it cannot be said that the Duke of Wellington shone to any great extent as a humorist, he was quite capable of administering a crushing retort when occasion demanded, as the following story, culled from a biography of the Iron Duke, shows: Louis Philippe once introduced the duke to one of the French marshals whom he had defeated in the peninsula. With unpardonable discourtesy the marshal turned his back on his old foe during the presentation. The king apologized with what grace he could.

"Forgive him, sire," laughed the Iron Duke. "Why, it was I who taught him to do that in the peninsula!"

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LONDON IN A FOG.

A Weird Day of Dense Gloom in the English Metropolis.

He knew his London well. We went forth into a fog that was of the pea soup variety. It seemed useless to wait any longer for it to clear off. The days were all alike and were blacker than twilight ever dared to be. I clung to Prentice Mulford's coat sleeve, for I knew if he were once to get beyond my reach I could never hope to find him again. We groped blindly among the streets, where the atmosphere was only less palpable than the houses that walled us in. At intervals we inquired where we were, for otherwise we could never have known at all. We had to feel our way carefully and take soundings at intervals. "Here," said Prentice as we paused in space; "here is Temple Bar." I thought I saw something that might have been the ghost of an arch hewn out of the solid fog. The top of it, though it was not lofty, was lost to view. Temple Bar, now gone forever from the place where its gates once swung in the wall of the old city—it was here her gracious majesty Queen Victoria of England was wont to receive the keys of the city from the hands of the lord mayors when she drove in state to St. Paul's cathedral. We threaded Fleet street, but could not see to the farther shore.

"Here is her majesty's tower," said Prentice, but nothing of it was visible, not one stone upon another. We crossed London bridge almost without knowing it. The waters of the Thames, which are but condensed fog, were invisible from the parapet, and the steamferries were picking their way cautiously and looking very like marine monsters in a muddy aquarium. We crawled through the tunnel for foot traffic under the Thames, which was like a hole in the fog, and for hours carried the sky about on our shoulders. It was a woolly, greasy and ill smelling sky. Our nostrils were clogged with cinders, like chimney flues, and there were smudges all over our faces. Sometimes for a moment or two we saw a spot overhead that was like a pale red wafer, and we knew it for the sun, now lost to us. The lamps that burned all day were like glow-worms for dimness, and so we explored the wonders of the town and saw as much of it as a blind man sees; but no more.—Charles Warren Stoddard in National Magazine.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Killing time is a sure way of spoiling character.

Reverence is the foundation of lasting love.

Hatred often comes from only knowing half of a man.

The sense of duty is a sign of the divine in man.

The only sure thing about a lie is that it will never die.

It is hard for the leek to see why people prefer the lily.

Many mistake their dreams about heaven for deeds to lots up there.

After robbing Peter to pay Paul a man usually forgets to settle with Paul.

There is nothing prouder than ignorance or more ignorance than pride.

There are some so called unpolished gems that are not susceptible of being polished.—St. Louis Republic.

Printers' Errors.

A reader forwards me a pleasant addition to my collection of printers' errors, says T. P.'s London Weekly. It was told him by the late C. Farquharson Findlay, for some years editor of the Dover Chronicle, as having happened to him personally. He had occasion to write of the "blind guides who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," which appeared in print as "who strain at a quart and swallow a camel."

Did any of my readers notice, I wonder, a delightful error of this kind in one of the reviews, in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was described as "brandishing a mailed fish?" It rather reminds one of the famous Spoonerism about "feeling a half warmed fish in your bosom."

Throwing the Handkerchief.

Statement copied from an old manuscript: "In the Foundling Hospital the Boys are bound apprentices, the Women when marriageable are conducted in procession thro' ye streets, and any Young Man who sees one he wd wish for a Wife is at liberty to mark Her by throwing his handkerchief." The further formalities required previous to matrimony are not stated. Perhaps this peculiar custom is the origin of the expression "throwing the handkerchief."—Nineteenth Century.

Iceland Mail.

When the wind blows from the south and one of the islanders of south Iceland wishes to communicate with the mainland he puts his letters into a well corked bottle, and to insure their delivery he incloses at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where people are generally on the lookout.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Jenkins—The moment he kissed me I knew he had been drinking. Mrs. Supple—You mean you smelled his breath? Mrs. Jenkins—I mean that Mr. Jenkins never kisses me except when he has been drinking.

Unpleasant Criticism.

Mrs. De Style (exhibiting picture)—You know, my daughter paints from nature. Critic—Far from it, it seems.—New York Times.

Quite Offhand.

Stander—Did that deaf mute orator make a set speech? Doyle—No. He spoke offhand.—Cleveland Leader.

VENOMOUS EMOTIONS.

Sentiments Which, It Is Said, Literally Poison Our Blood.

Anger, fear, malice, are among the emotions or sentiments which literally poison our blood. It has often been said that evil thoughts are poisonous, the meaning being that they corrupt other people, but the real fact is that they poison our own bodies.

By losing control of ourselves and indulging in anger, by yielding to anxiety, fear and unwholesome thoughts we cause an irritation or disturbance which, according to the latest sayings of scientists, has the effect of producing a poison in the blood that may have serious consequences.

Naturalists declare that the venom of snakes is generated by anger and fear; that it is rapidly collected in a special receptacle and thence discharged at the object of its anger or fear, and it is further explained that the same process takes place in the human body, but that we have no special organ to receive it, and it therefore disperses in the blood, acting against ourselves instead of for our protection. Be that as it may, it is generally conceded that we are literally poisoned by the emotions mentioned and by any sentiment or passion which upsets the smooth working of our minds.—Home Notes.

MOVING ON FRIDAY.

There Seems to Be a Lot of Superstition About It.

"Friday is a kind of holiday in our business," said the professional mover. "There is a big lot of superstition in this matter, and, except in cases of actual necessity, it is hard to get any body to move on Friday. If a few families that intend to change quarters soon could only be induced to put aside their foolish prejudice against the sixth day of the week they could be set up in their new home with half the trouble and inconvenience they will experience on any other day. I have explained that to many prospective customers, but the chances are that most of them will vote to join the rush rather than tempt bad luck by moving on Friday.

"Most of my movers dislike Friday as much as the customers. Whatever jobs are assigned to them they attend to, of course, but every last man in our employ will be glad if not a single order was booked for Friday. They claim that every smashup they figure in, every accident to the furniture through loss or breakage, occurs on a Friday, so for their own sake they uphold the superstitions in their fight against Friday."—New York Press.

ENGLISH ROYAL VETO.

It Is Practically Extinct, Not Having Been Used Since 1708.

The earliest mention of the exercise of the royal veto was when King Henry V., shortly after the victory of Agincourt, said "Le roy s'aviser," (the king will consider it) to a petition of parliament against the transferring of suits at common law into chancery.

Many instances are mentioned during succeeding reigns, until that of Queen Anne, who is responsible for the latest exercise of this very ancient power in refusing the sovereign's assent to the bill for settling the militia of Scotland, passed by the lords and the commons on March 17, 1708, as is recorded in the journals of the house of lords.

Since 1708 the veto has never been used, though there was a threatened exercise of royal power of rejection toward the close of the reign of George III. and also by Queen Victoria in 1858. Mr. Bagehot considered that this power is extinct and added that "Queen Victoria must sign her own death warrant if both houses present it for her signature."—London Standard.

Wild California.

A geography published in 1812 contains the following startling description of that section of our country which Charles Dudley Warner baptized "Our Italy."

"California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs as damp as they are unhealthful. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights."

The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers.

"Compulsory Greek."

To show you how advisable it is that great attention should be given to the study of Greek I wanted to present "Oedipus Rex" on my London stage. I went to the lord chamberlain to ask his permission. "No," he replied, "certainly not." "But," I answered, "they do it at Oxford." "Yes," said he, "but they do it in Greek and nobody understands it. Play it in Greek and I will give you my permission." That was compulsory Greek with a vengeance.—Beerbohm Tree.

A Grand Canyon Sunrise.

A sunrise in the Grand canyon lasts as long as you please. Each hour is a sunrise for some cavern deeper than the last, and, in fact, there are many where it has yet to rise for the first time since the canyon was made by those ages of running water.—Scribner's.

Forfeiting.

Constance was three. Her mother, having forgotten to do something for her which she had promised, said: "Oh, darling, I forgot it! Wasn't it naughty of me?" Constance replied consolingly, "Oh, no, mother, dear; not naughty, only stupid!"

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The Easy Job Youth.

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Philadelphia's Rapid Gait.

"These," said the epicure to the bright Philadelphia girl, "are snails. I suppose Philadelphia people don't eat them for fear of cannibalism."

"Oh, no," was the answer; "it isn't that. We couldn't catch them."—Washington Star.

Something Got Away.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good. Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

"No, I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

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